

AUTUMN NUMBER

12

Punch





Symbol of Excellence...

H.M.S. Victory—a gallant symbol of our maritime inheritance. In keeping with these great traditions of excellence is the familiar Player's sailor—a symbol and a name justly famous for quality and dependability in tobacco manufacture.

Player's Navy Cut Cigarettes and Tobacco



[NCC 19A]

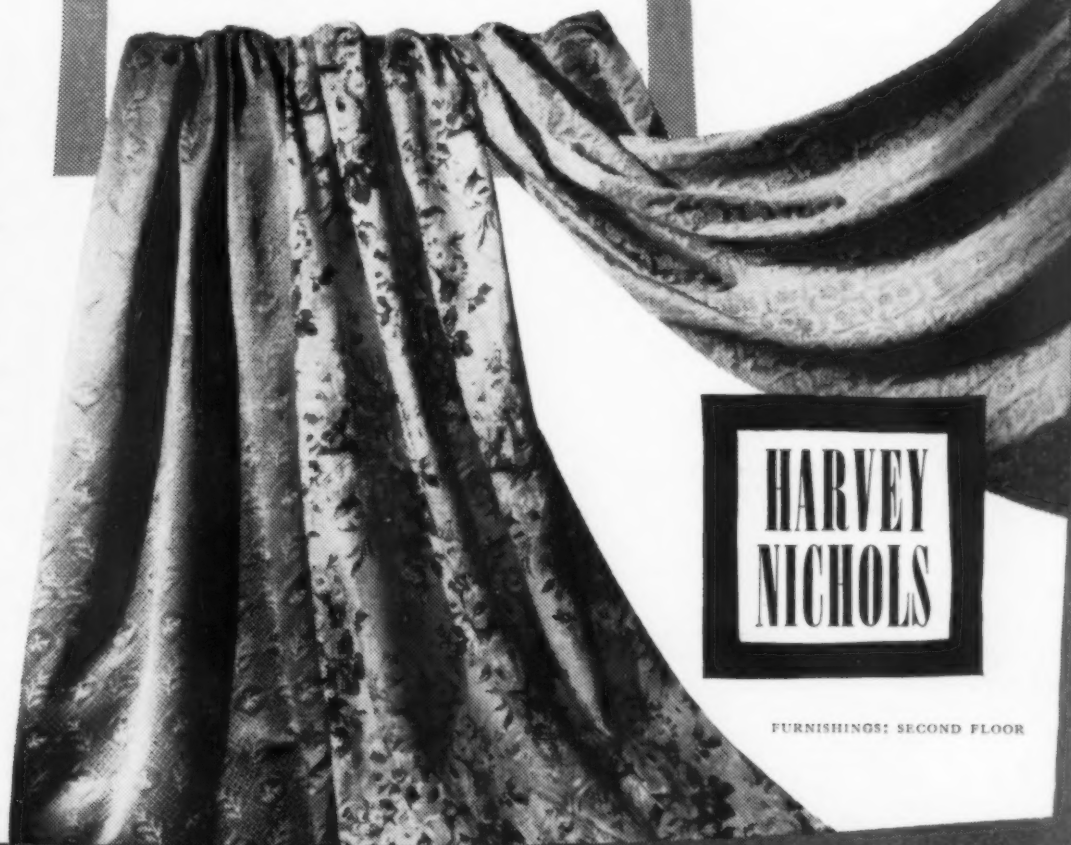
Fabric into curtain

We've a wonderful range of fabrics—damask, velvet, chintz or modern prints—which our own experts will measure and make up into curtains and pelmets for you.

Left: Heavy rayon and cotton damask, 48", with a pattern of quilted effect as illustrated (also available in small diamond quilted effect). In vieux rose, powder blue, reseda green or old gold **33/9 yard**

Centre: Heavy linen, 48", with screen-printed Georgian pattern in prettily combined colours; predominantly blue and wine on peach ground, yellow and grey on red, pink and grey on green or pink and grey on light blue **29/6 yard**

Right: French damask, cotton and rayon, 48"; small pattern suitable for covers too. In wine, peach, dark green or French gold. **Exclusive to us 39/6 yard**



**HARVEY
NICHOLS**

FURNISHINGS: SECOND FLOOR

"The Antiquary"

*de luxe
Scotch
Whisky*

The pleasure this
whisky brings will
repay the effort
necessary to obtain
it.



*at last I
have found it!*

J & M Hardie
LIMITED.

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**Whatever your
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**you can enjoy the
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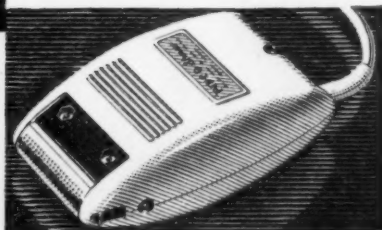
Men in all walks of life are choosing the PIFCO electric shaver for real luxury shaving at a sensible price. A masterpiece of Swiss precision engineering with surgical steel shaving head, self-sharpening cutters, streamlined shape and balanced weight.

Complete in ivory plastic case and fully guaranteed. For A.C. mains. No radio or T.V. interference.



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Makers of the PIFCO
MASSAGER, HAIRDRYER,
INFRA-RED & SUNLAMPS.



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*Internationally
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Miss Pat Smythe, O.B.E., is one of the many riding celebrities who choose Harry Hall riding clothes. Thoroughbred tailoring from materials of lasting quality has made the name Harry Hall famous the world over. For men, women and children, Harry Hall provides riding wear, both made to measure and ready-made, to suit every occasion and every pocket.

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Jodhpurs from 89/6d.
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Hunting Caps in Black, Navy or
Brown. About 75/-.
Riding Macs £6.10.0.

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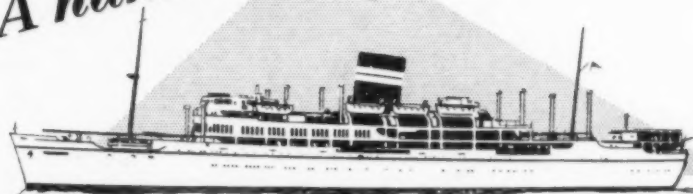
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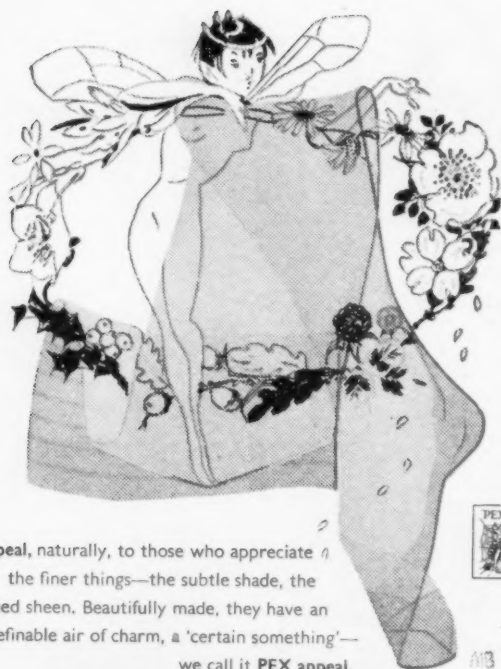
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Also available in half bottles.

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most coveted of all
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Personal, for her to
cherish . . . elegant for
the world to admire
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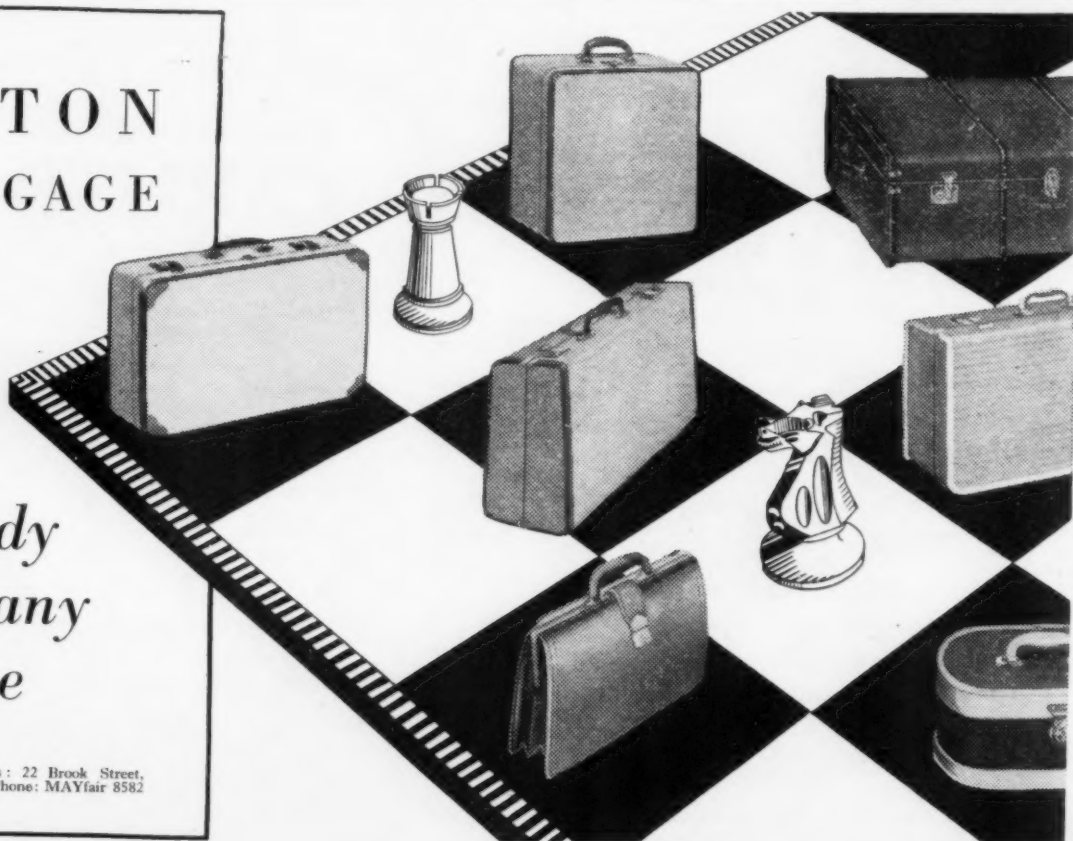
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Punch, September 26 1956



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Graceful in line . . . stimulating in colour . . . the most brilliant and versatile designs from the Continent are now on exhibition in the Contemporary Furniture Galleries, third floor, at Harrods of Knightsbridge. Telephone SLOane 1234

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Manufacturers of ESSE Cooking Equipment
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HOME HEATING was never like this before



**LOWEST HEATING
COSTS KNOWN**

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**CONTINUOUS
OVERNIGHT BURNING**

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**COSY, SAFE
& LABOUR SAVING**

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**STYLES TO SUIT
EVERY HOME**

Left: VITESSE heater in the modern manner with full-view open fire and built-in spark guard.

Below: LUCESSE for a traditional setting. Efficient operation with firedoors open or closed.



Every ESSE STOVE is designed for easy and really clean working on smogless coke or anthracite. Openable fire types also burn ordinary coal. Several models available. Attractive enamel and other finishes. H.P. terms or cash from £16.15.0.

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and at Liverpool, Edinburgh,
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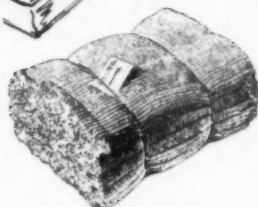




"It's easy to avoid waste now we use Leemings"

THE WORKS MANAGER

Don't you know about Leemings? When I found the kind of firms that had been getting for years a regular service in good cleaning cloths, specially made for the job, instead of buying old rags for cleaning machines—well, I thought there must be something in it. We used to have these old rags lying about all over the place—bit of a fire hazard too—but now Leemings collect the dirty cloths and bring a good supply of clean ones regularly each week. There's no waste or trouble, it actually costs us less than buying rags.



Leeming Brothers *Limited*

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May we send you samples and particulars?

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Pol Roger the best Champagne

This is



5-toe freedom

Sir Herbert Barker designed the shoe that bears his name with a straight inner line so that your toes can lie in their natural positions with room to move about. Make friends of your feet by wearing Sir Herbert Barker Shoes which he described as "the perfect shoe."



627. (above) Teak brown or black, unlined 79/11.

602. Black or brown calf or black glaze kid, 89/11. Narrow to Broad Fittings.

Write today Dept. 27 Norvic Shoe Co., Ltd., Northampton, for your free copy of the 5-TOE FREEDOM Booklet.



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A **NORVIC**

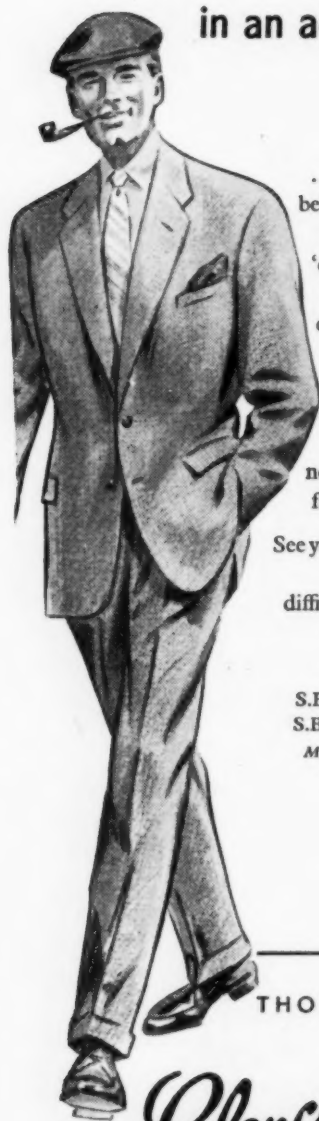
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FOR MEN, WOMEN & BOYS



Look at a man...



in an admirable suit!



..... a man whose appearance belies his income. Always well-clad—impressive rather than 'dapper'—he solved his clothes problem years ago when he discovered GLENCARRICK. Everything about these Suits, suits *him*! The way they wear and 'stay': the choice he's got: and, believe it or not, most people think he pays far more than he really does!

See your nearest GLENCARRICK stockist now or, in case of difficulty write us for his address.

S.B. Suit Ready to Wear £15.15.0.
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Made to Measure at slightly extra cost.
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GLENCARRICK... probably the world's finest thornproof
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THE NEW GIN THAT'S

different



Burrough's Extra Dry costs 35/6 a bottle, a little more than other gins, but you'll agree the difference in price is absurdly small for the vast difference in quality. Ask your wine merchant.

Different in taste—One sip and you'll be enjoying the difference... its subtle dryness and velvet soft, mellowness.

Different in looks—Crystal clear and bottled in a new gracious bottle, which in itself bespeaks the quality that surrounds this different gin.

Because it's distilled differently—Extra Dry is triple distilled—the London gin that is distilled from grain.

BURROUGH'S extra-dry GIN

JAMES BURROUGH LTD.
75 CALE DISTILLERY
HUTTON ROAD, LONDON, S.E.11
Distillers of fine gins since 1820

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TRADE MARK
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WATCHBANDS
in Rolled Gold or Stainless Steel

Obtainable at Jewellers in many
exquisite designs and to fit
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Montal Watchbands are made
with precision tools in a
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BY APPOINTMENT CIGAR MERCHANTS
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John Cotton
finest smoking tobacco
— just a matter of
good taste

The man who smokes a pipe is, usually, a man of few words. Among those who are most particular about the words they use, and the tobacco they smoke, just two words are found to suffice—*John Cotton*—words that for close on two hundred years have signified the utmost skill of the blender's art, the fullest enjoyment of smoking.

NOS. 1 & 2 MIXTURE, MEDIUM
NO. 1 MIXTURE, MILD
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LOOSE CUT FLAKE

All 5/2½d per ounce

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Science
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MEDICINE for the Hair!

Sufferers from falling and thinning hair and those whose hair is lifeless and full of dandruff are now hailing a scientific discovery which has amazed the Continent. Countless bottles are already being sold in countries all over the world.

'PANTENE' is not a tonic it is a "Medicine for the Hair". 'PANTENE' contains 'Panthenol' the remarkable Vitamin of the B Complex, which is vital to vigorous healthy hair.

'PANTENE' IS A TREATMENT—perseverance is important. A daily massage into the scalp and you can watch the hair gleam under its nourishing influence.

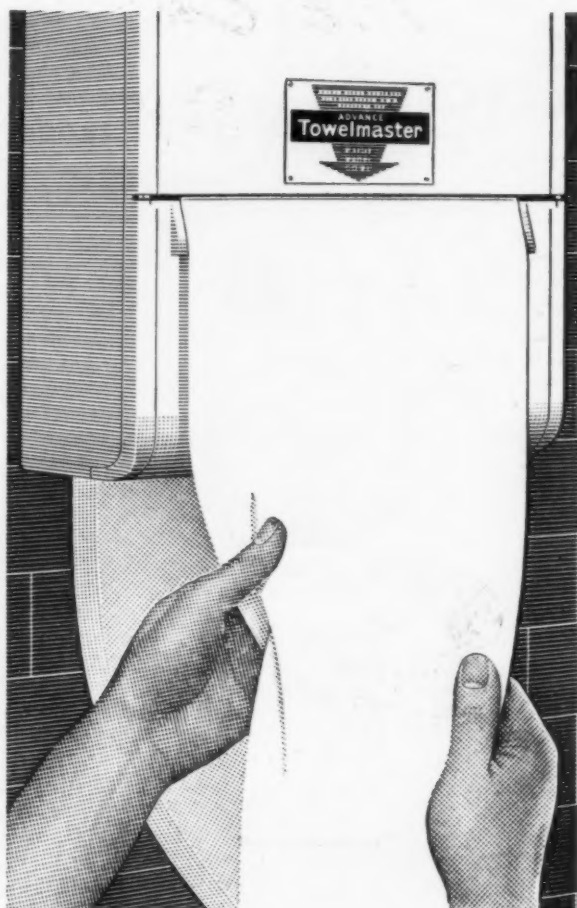
At all good chemists and hairdressers 9/6 and 16/6 per bottle. Buy a bottle today.

'PANTENE'

THE VITAMIN HAIR TREATMENT

Manufactured in Great Britain

Sole Distributors: Thos. Christy & Co. Ltd., Aldershot, Hants.



Only the Advance Towelmaster Service

ensures a clean, dry towel for everyone every time

What a difference the Towelmaster Service makes. Instead of sad, sopping roller towels or overflowing paper bins you have this gleaming white cabinet, offering a length of clean, soft, dry towel to every user—at all times. Why, from the point of view of prestige alone the Towelmaster is a fine investment. And the cost? Only 5/- for a roll 45 yards long—enough to dry 180 pairs of hands.

There is no capital outlay. You can budget precisely for the year ahead. A minimum of two cabinets is installed and maintained free of charge. All you pay is 5/- for each roll of towelling used. Minimum usage is one roll per cabinet per week.

And the Towelmaster is as efficient as it looks. Pull gently and down comes a length of snowy-white towel, sufficient for a really good dry. The used lengths automatically roll themselves back into the cabinet out of sight (into a separate compartment, of course).



The people to contact are:
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* We collect and deliver every week; you always have a spare roll in reserve for each cabinet.

Wintery wisdom



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An easy fitting style for town or country in a wool and cashmere cloth. £31



Lincoln

A medium weight coat with a great deal of warmth. In dark grey, medium grey, lovat, and blue Crombie. £25



Durham

A coat in the new half-belted style. In grey, brown or lovat check-backed tweeds. £28



Sandown

A three-quarter length coat with centre vent at the back. In plain grey or lovat overcheck. £23

Simpson
PICCADILLY

Simpson (Piccadilly) Ltd. London W.1

Regent 2002

Punch, September 26 1956



By Appointment to Her Majesty
Queen Elizabeth II
Motor Car Manufacturers
The Austin Motor Company Limited

"Great family car — my new Cambridge"

CAMBRIDGE A.40, 4-cylinder 1200 cc
o.h.v. engine. From £503 plus £252.17s.
P.T. CAMBRIDGE A.50, 4-cylinder 1500
cc o.h.v. From £514 plus £258.7s. P.T.
Optional overdrive on A.50

After weighing all the pros and cons, young Michael decided that the family ought to have an Austin Cambridge. And, as he's always telling them, they couldn't have done better. For here is a car that takes the whole family comfortably: five inside, luggage in the boot. It soars up the hills, it nips through the traffic. It stands up to tough going, rough roads, heavy loads. But as Michael's father points out to Michael there are other things too. The Cambridge is easy on petrol, light on the wheel. It gives him a good clear view all round, gives the passengers a foam rubber ride. And all that and more for a well-spent £755.17.0.



CAMBRIDGE A.40 - A.50



Buy **AUSTIN** and be proud of it

THE AUSTIN MOTOR COMPANY LIMITED, LONGBRIDGE, BIRMINGHAM



*Georgie Porgie pudding and pie,
Kissed the girls and made them cry.
Black Label now is his Champagne
And up they come to be kissed again.*

Lanson Black Label Champagne is a dry wine—but not too dry—with plenty of life. At 26/6 a bottle it will suit both your palate and your pocket—at all good wine merchants.

Lanson
BLACK LABEL Champagne

Produced in Reims by Lanson père et fils since 1760

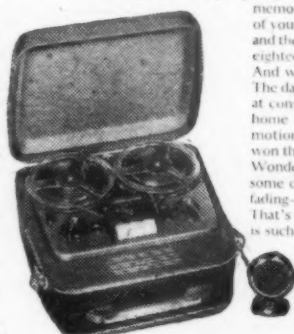


*By appointment
to the late
King George VI*

HOW MUCH... is a memory worth?

What price could you put against the most pleasant of your personal memories? The dance tune that reminds you of your courting days, the songs they sang—and the way they sang them—when you were eighteen and all set to put the world to rights. And what of your more recent memories? The day your youngster made a first attempt at conversation, the celebration you had at home when you got your first real promotion, the party you had when your wife won that (very small) dividend on the Pools. Wonderful occasions, wonderful memories; some of them quite recent and yet already fading—there's the pity of it.

That's why owning a Grundig tape recorder is such an asset. Memories never fade with a Grundig. They're yours for as long as you want to keep them. There is a Grundig model designed to meet your specific need.



TK8-3D Price 72 gns.
excluding microphone

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NAME

ADDRESS

(Electronics Division, Gas Purification & Chemical Company Limited)

G6

Bermuda

IN THE HEART OF WINTER



*'Name's Somers. Sir George
Somers. Got wrecked near the
Bermudas back in '09. 1609.
Seemed a likely spot, so I
started a settlement. Never
regretted it. Neither will
you. It's bliss!'*



In January the average day has about 5 hours sunshine and a temperature around 63 F. Frost and fog? Totally unknown. When you go to Bermuda, you leave winter behind. Instead, you find a coral island heaven, pink powdery sand, coloured clouds of flowers, islet-flecked sounds, dreamy days, glittering nights... and it's in the sterling area!

BERMUDIAN GOINGS-ON

Swimming, of course; golf and tennis and sailing... Some exotic extras, too, such as water-skiing and big game fishing. There's the friendly social round of dining, dancing, dining, dancing... And Bermudian *dolce far niente* is really something!

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Nowhere else in the world is there such a profusion of fine hotels and guesthouses. Nowhere else is your comfort so well provided for.

BERMUDA IS VERY ACCESSIBLE

Flying to Bermuda is a matter of hours. B.O.A.C. run two direct flights weekly, and daily flights via New York. Direct sailings are made by Cunard and P.S.N.C. during the winter months. You can also sail via New York.

Have a word with your travel agent—or get in touch with the Bermuda Travel Information Office, Rex House, 6 Lower Regent Street, London, S.W.1.



To Dept. P, Bermuda Travel Information Office,
Rex House, 6 Lower Regent Street, London, S.W.1.
Please send me information about Bermuda
and how to get there.

NAME

ADDRESS



It'll be bliss in Bermuda

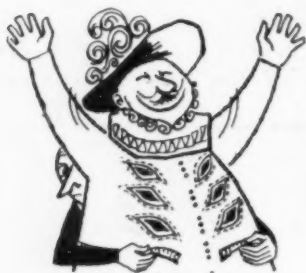


Brush up your Shakespeare - 8



1 Which of these do you consider to be the strongest masterpiece to come out of Stratford:—

- (a) *King Lear* (sic)?
(b) *Keg Bitter* (hic)?



2 Did you realise they were going to put *Titus Andronicus* on Cinerama? Are you alarmed/insured/thirsty?

3 Estimate the girth of:—
Sir John Flagstaff, Sable Stout,
Sir 'Tubby' Belch.

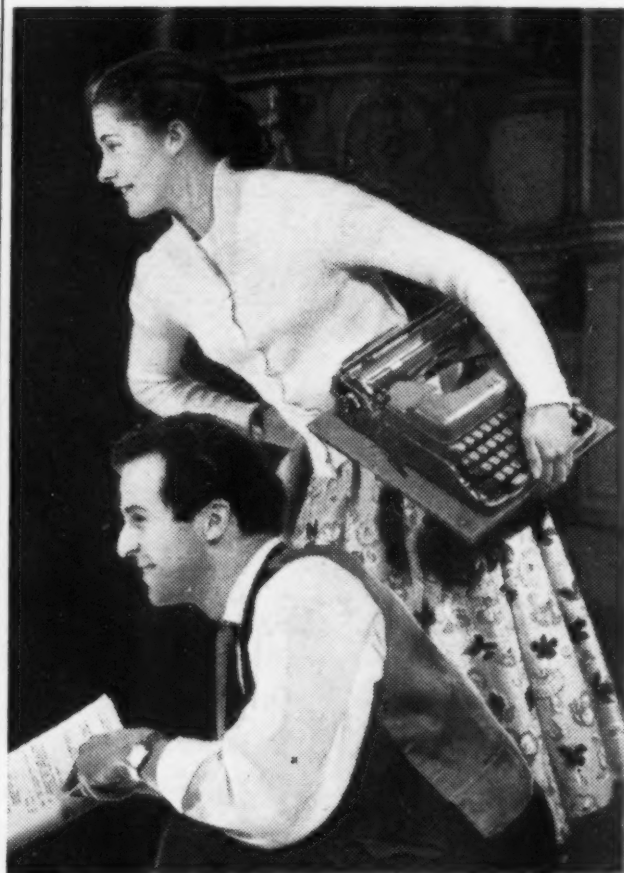
4 Stand up the idiot who thought *Poacher* was just one of those slightly cracked characters in *Omlet*. (See me at your nearest Flowers house and be prepared for six of the best.)

Knock back your Flowers BITTER



Advanced students please note: Flowers famous Original Bitter is now available in **keg** (wow!) Not everywhere, but you may be lucky.

BREWED BY FLOWERS OF STRATFORD-ON-AVON



Producer, Assistant,
and assistant
Imperial
'Good Companion'

The theatre is empty now, but in a fortnight, and for years after that (they hope), it will be full to the last seat behind a pillar in the Gods. See that typewriter Miss Siddons is carrying? That's the most useful bit of 'business' this side of the foot-lights. Re-writes of scenes (six copies all legible, please), prop-lists, lighting and costume plots, dressing room lists . . . (Enter Sarah, with 'Good Companion'). You don't have to be trained to use a 'Good Companion'. The book of words, a few bouts of practice . . . and you're a speed merchant for life.

Very enduring, Imperial 'Good Companions'. British from A to Z. Two models, £26 and £29. 10, complete with carrying case. Deferred terms available.

IMPERIAL TYPEWRITER CO. LTD LEICESTER AND HULL



By Appointment
to Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II
Manufacturers of Land Rovers
The Rover Co. Ltd.



There's NO substitute for . . .

There's no vehicle on earth that can rough it like the Land-Rover. That robust 4-wheel drive gives twice the pull, twice the grip and twice the thrust. Wherever there's more than man-sized work to be done—around farms, factories, quarries, building sites—the Land-Rover is in its element. It will haul a 2-ton load with effortless ease, no matter how steep the gradients or how rough and treacherous the ground. There are five Land-Rover models—lowest price £615.

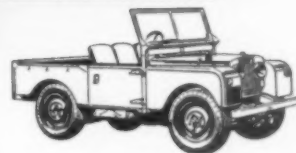
. . . . the 4-Wheel Drive

LAND- ROVER

See the full range at the

COMMERCIAL MOTOR SHOW • STAND No. 89

MADE BY THE ROVER COMPANY LTD., SOLIHULL, WARWICKSHIRE also DEVONSHIRE HOUSE, LONDON
CVS-168



The regular Land-Rover



The 7-seater station wagon



The long wheelbase Land-Rover



The 10-seater station wagon



The Land-Rover Fire Engine

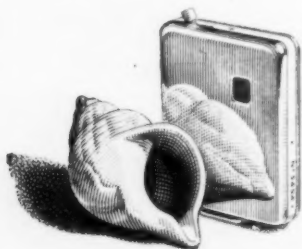
PLAIN TALK

about hearing aids

NUMBER EIGHT

What is 'Invisible Hearing'?

'Invisible' is rather a misnomer—because no hearing aid can be *really* invisible. It can, however, be difficult to detect in wear: women with long hair are especially fortunate here! But even if you're male and balding, there are our 'Spectacle' hearing aids, which look for all the world like ordinary spectacles. Some of our transistor aids, such as the Multitone Minuet, are so small and light that they can be easily concealed. With them you can wear 'Invisimoulds', which tuck snugly away in the ear. Much more important, though, than any consideration of 'invisibility' is the question 'Will these aids make me hear better?' To this we can almost always give an emphatic 'Yes'. Because we have the widest range of transistor aids in the world, we can help nearly every kind and degree of deafness. If you would like to know more about them, go along to your nearest Multitone Centre. We will be glad to send you the address.



multitone
HEARING AIDS

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Signatories to the National Institute for the Deaf Agreement.

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AGENTS THROUGHOUT GREAT BRITAIN AND OVERSEAS

CRC 8

INDIA

quality
makes
'tubeless'
doubly
safe

★
All tubeless tyres are good, but remember—the quality of the tread and sidewall is more vital than ever. So, for safety's sake, fit INDIA—the tyres of superlative quality.





"WE ARE ENTERING A PERIOD OF GREAT CHANGE IN THE INDUSTRIAL FIELD"

said Sir John Wolfenden, the Chairman, in his Speech at the Annual General Meeting of The National Council of Social Service, held yesterday at the Senate House, University of London.

"DURING the past year," said Sir John, "we have devoted much time to our representations to Government and central authorities on important questions affecting the finance and status of voluntary organizations. The Government, M.P.s of all parties and local authorities were sympathetic, and Section 8 of the Rating Act was the result. The Act provides rating relief for organizations 'whose main objects are charitable or are otherwise concerned with the advancement of religion, education or social welfare.' These words embrace a far wider range of interests than those of purely legal charities. Who is to resolve the ambiguities of some of these terms? The clear intention of the House of Commons was that it should be generously interpreted.

From every quarter of social work comes the cry for more trained leaders. For some forms of social work there are established training schemes at Universities and other places but even for these the supply of trained workers is frequently insufficient for the acknowledged needs and completely inadequate for the real requirements of the rapidly extending social services. But more serious still, for certain important forms of social work no generally acceptable basic training exists at all. This is true in a considerable measure of the youth service and community association movements. This is from every point of view a distressing situation and should be put right with all possible speed.

We are entering a period of great change in the industrial field. Within a generation many of the present characteristics of the

factory and industrial landscape may have changed beyond recognition. But none of these changes will have gone unaccompanied by social consequences. Will the changes carry with them in industry and in the community an enhancement of personal life? Will the changes that go on in personal and social attitudes in community organization promote or hinder the best evaluation of industrial methods? These are among the questions which cannot be resolved by industry alone. They demand the best attention of leaders and workers both inside and outside the factory. That necessary co-operation will not take place unless we begin now to build the bridges for discussion."

These points led to a discussion conducted by Mr. John Marsh of The Industrial Welfare Society on "Livelihood and Living and the Role of Social Work in their Integration."



Amongst the National Organizations associated with the N.C.S.S., representatives attended from the following: Old People's Welfare Committees; Citizens Advice Bureaux; The Federation of Community Associations; Rural Community Councils; and Youth and Women's Organizations.

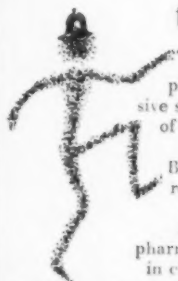
SHERRY BEFORE DINNER

SEPPELT'S
EXTRA DRY
SOLERO
BOTTLED BY
SEPPETT & SONS LTD.
TSFIELD
GROWN IN AUSTRIA
CONTENTS 750ML

**THE HOUSE OF SEPPETT
AUSTRALIA**

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**Can you spot
the goose that lays
the golden eggs?**



Active Carbon can do the molecular equivalent... pick out—and hold onto—the molecules of an expensive solvent dispersed in the air, for instance. In hundreds of dry-cleaning works, chemical works and paint shops the use of Active Carbon pays handsome dividends. But solvent recovery is only one of its gifts; it can also remove unwanted colours, unpleasant odours and tastes. It is used as a catalyst carrier in the manufacture of P.V.C.; and the purity of many foodstuffs and many pharmaceuticals owes a lot to Active Carbon; the experts in charge are

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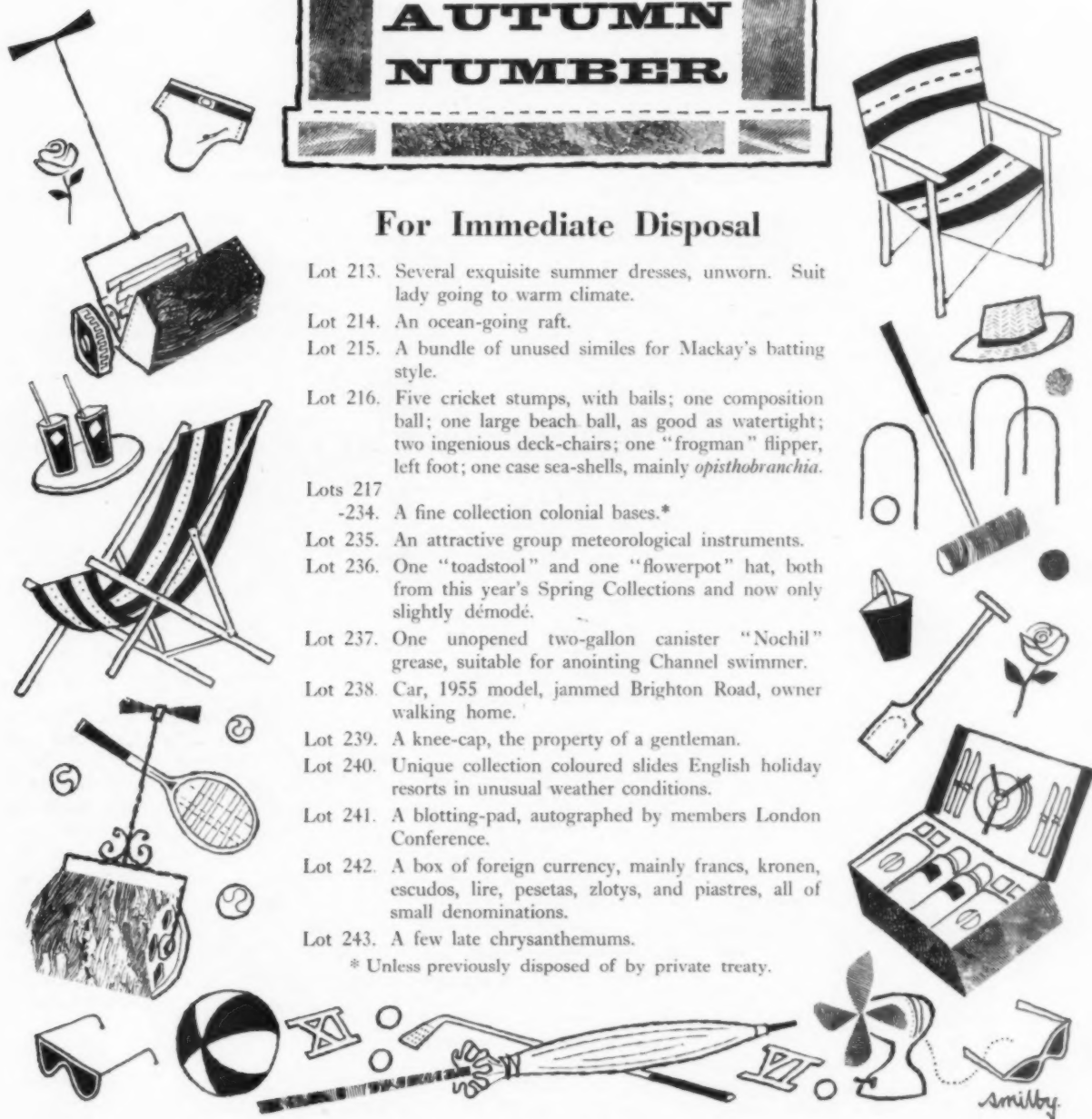


AUTUMN NUMBER

For Immediate Disposal

- Lot 213. Several exquisite summer dresses, unworn. Suit lady going to warm climate.
- Lot 214. An ocean-going raft.
- Lot 215. A bundle of unused similes for Mackay's batting style.
- Lot 216. Five cricket stumps, with bails; one composition ball; one large beach ball, as good as watertight; two ingenious deck-chairs; one "frogman" flipper, left foot; one case sea-shells, mainly *opisthobranchia*.
- Lots 217
-234. A fine collection colonial bases.*
- Lot 235. An attractive group meteorological instruments.
- Lot 236. One "toadstool" and one "flowerpot" hat, both from this year's Spring Collections and now only slightly démodé.
- Lot 237. One unopened two-gallon canister "Nochil" grease, suitable for anointing Channel swimmer.
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- Lot 239. A knee-cap, the property of a gentleman.
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- Lot 242. A box of foreign currency, mainly francs, kronen, escudos, lire, pesetas, zlotys, and piastres, all of small denominations.
- Lot 243. A few late chrysanthemums.

* Unless previously disposed of by private treaty.



THE Bolshoi Theatre Company's cancellation of its Covent Garden season, as a protest against the British attitude to shoplifting, was a grievous disappointment to workers for East-West understanding; particularly as the whole thing probably arose from Russian confusion over the English idiom, "Tit for tat" for "hat."

Impenetrability

WORLD spirits climbed a point when an Egyptian spokesman said that, with certain provisos, the Users' Association would be permitted to use the Canal, but sagged afresh when the Foreign Office described this as "a cynical attempt to appear reasonable." However, it's no good worrying too much about diplomatic nuances: perhaps the Whitehall statement was only a reasonable attempt to appear cynical.

Note on the Triangle

DIVORCE and divorce statistics will be prominently in the news again next month when the Convocation of Canterbury discusses a possible relaxing of the Church's attitude: a report on the subject already published says that while some theologians believe that a



marriage can never be dissolved others admit that in certain cases "the vinculum can cease to exist." Yet a third school, reflecting that by processes of either addition or division over 72,000 people were affected by divorce last year, consider that the arithmetic of the problem is bad enough, without this aggravation by algebra. Particularly since the basis of the whole trouble is well known to be geometrical.

Have to Send to Paris

MR. TURTON's drive for highly-skilled kitchen staff in British mental

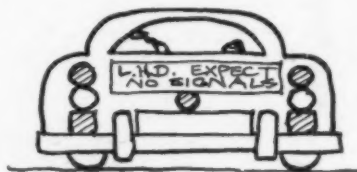
hospitals is said to have caused concern among his friends. They think he may be a little unhinged.

Whisper for Service

AMBITIOUS building schemes in Russia include a plan for a Moscow super-hotel of two thousand seven hundred rooms to accommodate an impending tourist influx. The only thing holding up construction at the moment is a shortage of microphones.

Flashbacks

MOTORISTS being harried by Government propaganda, motoring correspondents' reminders, and radio and



television warnings to get two rear lamps fitted on their old cars are tempted to reply that if some of the new cars cut theirs down by a couple they wouldn't be missed.

Coming Shortly

THE Middle East will have its work cut out to hog the front-page limelight during the next week or two, when dispatches from Kenya, Mauritius, Zanzibar and Tanganyika are bound to compete strongly: it has already been revealed that Princess Margaret has taken a cine-camera so that she can personally "film all the highlights of the tour," but it will naturally be up to the retinue of Press photographers to film her filming them.

Anything on Fish?

NEWSPAPER diarists should recognize that popular interest in the outcome of Nasserite policies is quite satisfactorily engaged. It is supererogatory to grapple readers with sensational gimmicks as one did last week with the disclosure that "if the present Middle

East crisis were to extend further than the Suez Canal the income of the Gulbenkian Foundation . . . would be jeopardized."

Reds Pale

COMMUNIST sympathy in this country received a severe setback with the news that Mr. Chou En-lai's industrial reforms propose doubled productivity in five years and workers' pay increased by twenty-five per cent. The official trade union view over here is that this leaves the workers about four hundred per cent short.

Never Will Be Slaves

LORD HAILSHAM lost no time in bustling about briskly as new First Lord, with an inspection of the *Victory* at Portsmouth. Colonel Nasser may expect a whiff of grapeshot any moment.

Still Funny

STANDING jokes about council houses were threatened with extinction for good last week when Blackpool's



borough treasurer gave "the true picture" as a "well-fed, well-clothed family sitting in front of a television set." Luckily for comedians the report lost much of its sting by coinciding with one date-lined Lutterworth, saying that council tenants there are to be evicted for keeping chickens in the bedrooms.

Poll Pending

JOHN BULL is a limited thinker, But a query which stirs in his skull is—
How far Uncle Sam
Would assist in a jam?
And just how long should John foster
Dulles?



THE BIG THREE



"This, Mr. Jones, calls for my not inconsiderable experience."

In Search of a Villain

By JERRARD TICKELL

ONE morning in the spring of 1954 my film agent telephoned me and asked me if I would care to consider a wild cat scheme. I made a noise like a wild cat. Some weeks later I flew to the White Man's Grave. So fast was the flight that the carnation in my buttonhole was still fresh when I stepped out of the aircraft into the stupefying heat of the African noon. Lizards—live ones—were scuttling about and nobody even bothered to look at them. My task was to write two films for the newly-elected African Government, a short documentary and a full-length feature with a

story. It was the second project that excited me.

The first night I was attacked by cohorts of flying ants in my bath. When I lay down in my bed it collapsed under me. There was a violent thunderstorm and in the dawn the cook killed a snake in the front garden. I found all this very agreeable and splendid local colour for the story I would write. It was my view that this story, to be set against the rich, turbulent African background, should have a plot. It should have a beginning, a middle, and an end; a balance should be struck between right and wrong; good should

triumph over bad; it should have a hero and a heroine. It should have a villain.

The next morning I set off for the bush with the Director, the head cameraman, three servants, and two cooking pots. We were lost for weeks. The African scene, revealed in sunshine and rain, delighted me. I wrote the documentary, working quickly through the bread and butter, eager to get my hands on the cake. Then I did an outline of my story, of my feature film.

* * * * *

A meeting was called in the capital. It was presided over by an Englishman and attended by a mixed bag of Civil

Servants among whom were some bemused and unbriefed Africans in European clothes of remarkable cut and colour. The Englishman's skin was amber from years of mepocrine, hatred and pink gin. He had a horrible little battery of coloured pencils thrust into the top of his stocking. I read my notes aloud. Throughout my recital the Englishman squinted at the fan that gyrated slowly from the ceiling while his lips moved convulsively as if seeking to detach a hair from between his teeth. The Africans slept. When I had finished the Englishman said with a sneer: "And may one inquire who you have cast as the villain of this—er—colourful little tale?"

I told him. He smiled tolerantly, as if at an imbecile, and shook his head.

"Ah! I feared so. That is of course quite impossible. The inference to an African audience would be that *all* Englishmen are villains. That would *never* do, would it?"

"Then I can make him French, German, Swiss—any sort of European."

"And thus antagonize potential foreign investment? Come, my dear sir! On the eve of this country's liberation from centuries of exploitation by—"

One of the Africans woke up, banged the table with his fist and shouted "FREEDOM, FREEDOM, FREEDOM," and immediately sank again into sleep.

I said wearily "The villain can be an Indian, a Syrian, a Lebanese."

"Thereby giving official countenance to racial prejudice? Impossible. The Government, whose mouthpiece I am, would never use their new-found freedom for such anti-social propaganda. I must ask you to think again."

I thought while the sweat dripped off my forehead into the blotter and a lizard, no longer an object of wonder, gazed at me from the rafters.

"It might possibly assist your deliberations," said the Englishman with a lemon-juice smile, "if I enumerate some of the subjects and persons to which no reference may be made. Firstly, there may be no exposure of the undraped female anatomy. The official Film Unit is provided with an adequate supply of shrouds and these are issued—on loan—to any ladies who may be in their natural state. Those who are unwilling to conceal their charms are locked in a hut under police guard until the shooting is over. My Government

argues that undraped ladies do not appear in Oxford Street, London, and that lack of clothing is synonymous with lack of culture. Culture is my Government's key-note. No reference may be made to legal marriage between black and white, nor may there be any hint of miscegenation. Also—"

"But Europeans of all nations have loved and mated here for five centuries. Skin-colour, ranging from onyx to tawny, makes it obvious that—"

"My Government's veto is absolute," he said coldly. "You have seen many things that do not exist, therefore they may not be photographed. Traditional chiefs, for example, plural marriage, and ignorant villagers. My Government claims that illiteracy is no more and that every single citizen of this country can read Chaucer in the original and take

T. S. Eliot to bits. Educated Africans with Balliol degrees may not be villains. The corollary would be that Balliol is a bad thing and all education a failure. There are no fetish priests—therefore they can't be villains; and to make a villain of a Christian would risk a protest from the Council of Christian Churches. That cuts out both Christians and non-Christians."

"But—"

"Permit me to finish. There can be no suggestion, either, of European leadership or of large scale foreign investment. These subjects are offensive to African nationalism—"

"FREEDOM, FREEDOM, FREEDOM," muttered the Africans in their sleep.

"—nor will jokes be tolerated about Civil Servants, judges, barristers or policemen. They would undermine



"Well, if he kicks us out of his luxury wide-screen armchair-comfort super-cinemas how does he expect us to buy his non-subsidized vitamin-enriched super blinkin' bread?"

the prestige of the Government, the law and the constabulary. Bribery, corruption or underhand business-dealing rank with plural marriage, fetish priests and traditional chiefs. They do not exist. You will find love scenes a problem. Embraces between the contracting parties are forbidden as they might have an undesirable effect on the audience—"

"Would you please tell me what is permissible?"

"I've been thinking about that. You could show a middle-aged European schoolmistress of no identifiable denomination teaching some little girls

some non-controversial subject—provided of course that an African lady teacher is present. The African must be younger, prettier and of greater ability than her European colleague." He paused. "But as regards villains . . ." He shook his head.

I put down my pen. I thought of the Africa that breathed and loved and laughed outside these antiseptic walls. I saw again many things; an old, nude and loyal gentleman in a bowler hat and the British Empire Medal which had been pinned into his living flesh where it dangled proudly and permanently on a mesh of grey hair; a fetish priest

crouched before a graven image, black with the blood of chickens and goats; chuckling policemen, witty lawyers, dancing girls brimming with movement and joy; a sightless traditional chief, near to death, full of authority, courtesy and sorrow; rain slanting on the forests, saturating the dark skins of the men so that they gleamed like silk; torrents of laughter splashing over dusky faces; the six merry wives of my friend Mr. Nyamadic giggling in their six separate horse-boxes . . .

No villain. No story. No film.

I said sadly: "Thank you for having me."

Over Seventy

By P. G. WODEHOUSE

A LETTER has just reached my desk from the desk of a Mr. J. P. Winkler, who lives out Pennsylvania way. (Did you know that the posh thing in America now is to have your notepaper headed "From the Desk of So-and-So"?) He writes:

"DEAR MR. WODEHOUSE,

For some time we have been presenting in newspapers and on radio a feature entitled 'Over Seventy' which includes expressions on living

by those who have passed their seventieth year. You have been doing much these last fifty years, perhaps you can tell us something about it."

That piques me a little, that "fifty years." Why fifty? What do you think I was doing before then, Winkler? Loafing? Gad, sir, I was the talk of the town when I was in the early twenties. The public's memory must be very short if they have forgotten the century I made for the printers of the (now

deceased) *Globe* against the printers of the *Evening News* one Sunday in 1904. It would not be too much to say that long before fifty years ago I was leaving footprints on the sands of time, and good large footprints too.

However, I get the idea, J. P. You want to start the old gaffer yarning away at the fireside in the hope that something will emerge which you can use in newspapers and on radio without any of that sordid business of paying for it. Right-ho. Let's see what we can dig up.

What changes, you ask, J. P., do I notice principally in my daily life now? Well, for one thing, I find that the attitude of taxi drivers towards me has altered. Where before, after nearly running me down, they used to lean out sideways and shout "You silly fool" or once or twice "You silly young fool," they now say "You silly old fool." Shows the passage of time, that, Winkler.

For another thing, I find myself getting more and more out of touch with modern novels. Their authors seem to have such extraordinary ideas about age. "He was a man not far from fifty, but still erect and able to walk across the room under his own steam," they write, or "Old though the Colonel was, his forty-seven years sat lightly upon him." I have reached the stage nowadays when, picking up a novel and seeing that a new character the author has introduced is sixty-eight, I say to myself "Ah, the young love interest."



"I can't make out whether we're supposed to be celebrating the Third's tenth or the I.T.A.'s first."

In real life, I must confess, I tend to become impatient with these kids of sixty-eight. Noisy little brutes with their space helmets and their toy pistols, rushing about all over the place, yelling at one another. Want their heads smacking, if you ask me.

But probably Winkler is referring to physical changes, and some of these are very marked. I still do my jerks before breakfast, but it is an open secret that I can no longer touch my toes. I am also finding it more and more difficult to catch the cat at night. My footwork is not so good as it was.

This cat is a stray cat who turned up one evening and quietly insisted on being added to the strength, and we let her out at about ten o'clock for a breath of air. And once out she hears the call of the old wild life and decides to make a night of it. This means that, unless caught and returned to store, she will hit the high spots till about five in the morning, when she will come and mew at one's bedroom window, murdering sleep as effectively as ever Macbeth did. And I have the job of catching her.

When you are in the middle seventies you have passed your peak as a cat-catcher. There was a time—say between 1904 and 1910—when it would have been child's play to me to outstrip the fleetest cat, but now the joints have stiffened a bit and I am no Roger Bannister. The thing usually ends in a bitter "All right, *stay out*" from me and a quiet smile from the cat. And then the reproachful mew outside my window, generally, as I say, between the hours of four and five. There seems no way of beating the game.

Still, life is not all catching cats, and anyway things have brightened a good deal lately owing to our cat having been bitten in the foot by another cat—no doubt in some night-club brawl—and being able to operate on only three legs. One more such episode, and the thing, as I see it, will be in the bag. I may not be the sprinter I once was, but I feel confident of being able to out-general a cat walking on two hind legs.

Do I have a regimen for keeping fit, asks Winkler. Why, yes. As I say, I catch cats or at any rate try to catch them, which gives me all the exercise I need in order to remain in good fettle. Apart from the running, there is the falling. Owing to the hurricanes of the year before last most of the trees on



"Woof, woof; miaow, bow wow, grrr, tweet tweet, miaow miaow, cheep cheep, wuff . . ."

the estate are shored up with wire ropes, and there is nothing better for the liver—I quote a well-known Harley Street physician—than to trip over one of these when going all out and come down like a sack of coals. It amuses the cat too.

We septuagenarians have to watch our health like hawks, and in pursuance of this aim I make a practice of smoking all day and far into the night. As everybody knows, smoking toughens and fortifies the system. Tolstoy said it didn't, and where is Tolstoy now?

I think that about cleans the thing up, J. P., does it not? What you were trying to say in that letter from your desk, I imagine, was "Hullo there,

Wodehouse, how are you?" and my reply is that I'm fine. All the same, a letter like yours does rather touch an exposed nerve. It makes one realize that one is not the bright-eyed youngster one has been considering oneself. A rude awakening, you might call it, and one that must have come to my house-master at school (who recently died at the age of ninety-six) when he said to a new boy on the first day of term: "Wapshott? Wapshott? That name seems familiar. Wasn't your father in my form?"

"Yes, sir," replied the stripling. "And my grandfather."

Collapse of old party, as the expression is.

Rot'n Row

I 'M just a howling hepcat kid,
 But that's no fault of mi-i-ine:
 It comes of what my Nanny did
 When I was eight or ni-i-ine.
 She shut me up in a cupboard, she did,
 Under the kitchen stair;
 You bet I yelled and blubbered, I did,
 An' pulled her silly hair.
 But ever since then I've been shut in,
 I'm a moth on a pin,
 I'm an eel in a tin,
 An' I gotta get out,
 I must have a shout,
 That's what it's about,
 I must have a din.
 I gotta express myself,
 They keep me mute,
 An' so I dress myself
 In a screaming suit,
 An' I jerk my knee
 An' I wag my fanny
 So the world can see
 What I think of Nanny.
 I gotta express myself some way,
 I don't quite know what I want to say,
But I gotta get even with Nanny,
 An' all of the old queen bees,
 With Teacher an' Preacher an' Granny—
 They all grow moss on their knees,

They haven't got rhythm, they're hardly alive,
 There's no living with 'em—they jabber—I jive—
For I gotta get even with Nanny.
 Their world is a bore and a bungle,
 I gotta get out in the jungle,
I gotta get even with Nanny.
 They don't like noise, an' they don't like
 boys,
 An' so when I go to the halls
 I climb on the stage for to register rage,
 An' break up the seats in the stalls,
 An' I sway when I sit
 Like a frog in a fit,
For I gotta get even with Nanny.
 I gotta get out,
 They're shutting me in,
I gotta get even with Nanny.
 They natter—
 I matter—
 I must have a din—
I gotta get even with Nanny.
 Look at me! I'm alive!
 They can jaw—I can jive—
 Look at me—I'm the loudest bee in the hive!
I gotta get even with Nanny—
 Too many like her on the planet—
 An' so if a cop says "Stop"
 I'll kick him an' say he began it—
An' then I'll be even with Nanny. A. P. H.

Nile Tour

By CLAUD COCKBURN

YOUR aunt saw the tomb of Amenophis II, and so did mine. It lay, and according to my information still does lie, only a little way north of the tomb of Osiris Ptah.

Those, quite absolutely frankly speaking, were the days. You could turn a shade left past the Sacred Lake—starting, I mean to say, from the tomb of Amenophis II—and then What price the Gate of Nectanibo?

In other words, in those days people really *knew* Egypt. It's true a man at the American Express has just handed

me a brochure informing me that the telephone number of the Luxor Hotel—from which you could, I assume, easily shoot your way through to the Osiris Ptah lay-out—is Luxor 5. For heaven's sake write it down.

All the same, I call all that sort of thing rather what I call "trippery." Man really wants to get in touch he ought to take a sleeping bag and live on the horse ferry which runs on clearly marked dots across the Nile—ah! The Nile! The Nile!—from near Abu El Habbab post office (dear, dead counters,

with such stamps too) to a point not at all far from Ezbah. And the man who hasn't seen Ezbah hasn't seen anything.

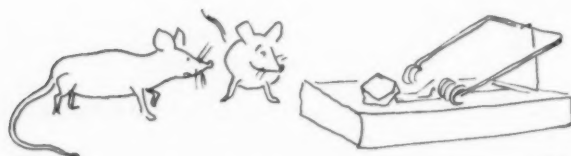
Naturally you, like most other English folk, were

planning to make Ezbah your centre for this year's Christmas "hols." The only snag I can see is that somewhat west of Ezbah—just on the fringe of the site of the Palace of Amenophis III (a very different type from Amenophis II)—you get Ezban. That is the kind of thing that can lead to confusion and to actual diminution of the flourishing Egyptian tourist trade.

Nasser?

Oh, well, I see in a sort of way, what you mean, but what we want to get at are the facts. Nasser and Dulles shared a cheery fact at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer party last night, and unanimously voted it "absolutely summit."

Talking of Colonel Nasser, if that's what you feel much inclined to do, one of the things he doesn't fully grasp, or so I always think, is that we British know a lot more about Egypt—are more, basically, hep to the Nile Valley than he is apt to surmise.



"Careful—it might be a trap."



"Short cut, anyone? A thousand piastres . . ."

For example, the *Cat of Bubastes*. Every Britisher old enough to partake seriously of the responsibilities of Government read, at the age of eight, a fine book by the late Henty—famed author for juveniles, but with unfailing appeal to those of riper years—entitled as above. *The Cat of Bubastes*. (Later editions, I believe, had a sub-title "With Amenophis II to the Tomb of Ptah.")

This book, apart from informing everyone about the situation in Egypt, which, at the distant time of which our author was writing, was a bit tricky, also put cats on the map. Had there at that time been a United Nations Organization the book would have certainly been withdrawn, because what I call its "tendency" was to indicate that Egyptians were more pro-cat than pro-dog. This suggestion caused the first rift in Anglo-Egyptian relations.

The next—no fault of Nasser's—was

the Tut affair—ancient curses, misfortunes falling on tomb-openers, bitter discussions in British press. Well, would you, or would you not, walk under a ladder or spill the salt without etc.?

The only other thing anyone knew about this Canal people nowadays speak of so glibly and openly was that joke about the British Consul at Port Said—the first dirty joke many anywhere west of Tilbury ever heard. Feelthy.

Realizing that all this is not enough, I went a day or two ago to the Egyptian Travel Agency in Piccadilly, my taxi piloted by a veteran who said that if traffic on this admittedly vital artery got any worse he proposed to boycott it and go round by the Elephant and Castle.

In sharp contrast to that at Lancaster House, the situation here at this travel agency was as calm as an evening with the Rockefellers watching oil prices rise.

A man I know who used to have a flat in a street not an insult's throw from this Agency told me he believed that one of the assistants there was in reality General Neguib, disguised by skirt and brassiere.

I can deny this. General Neguib is not working in a travel agency in Piccadilly disguised as a woman.

On the other hand, a man working there told me that, despite crisis, things are not too bad. Not, I mean, too bad for the Egyptian tourist business. What he did feel, however, was that the British climate is too bad.

"Look," he said, "in Egypt if you want to take a holiday—say one month, or two months—well, what you have is absolute certainty. You know nothing can go wrong. Blue skies, nothing but blue skies, all the day long. Whereas, compare this with England. Everywhere uncertainty, doubt, the possibility of



"Once again. 'A spontaneous frustrational reaction to a cramped environment, your honour'..."

unpleasant happenings, upset of plans. Ptah!"

In reply to my query about a nice trip to Luxor he said that this very fine agency in Piccadilly—it's so fine, with columns and sculpture and such, that for a minute you think you're in Luxor already—does not deal with that kind of luxury caper. It arranges for ordinary chaps to go to Egypt in the ordinary way.

Interpolating a query I queried whether, and if so how, any ordinary chaps were Delta-bound, as of now. He said first there had not been so many, but that very morning two had come in and asked how to get to Alexandria.

They weren't, in his estimation, joking. They wanted to know. But, he told me, if I wanted the real tip-top stuff—Luxor and all that—the people to see were the Peltour Agency, in Duke Street, just south of Manchester Square.

And that was so. Mr. Schwarz was on hand there, to advise. A nice and able man, Mr. Schwarz, and a fairly typical figure in the Anglo-Middle Eastern situation, which is essentially simple.

That is to say that Mr. Schwarz is an Irishman—resident of Cork City—who went there from Vienna in 1939. In

other words, he is a Viennese. Just before war's outbreak he designed to go to Northumberland.

With guns and bombers rumbling, Mr. Schwarz heard news that Cork was a nice place too. He spun a *krone* or so and chose Cork. He was, he feels, right.

"Not only," he told me, "did I miss the war in Austria, I missed the war *altogether*."

Asked about trips to Luxor and such Mr. Schwarz said he could do a nice tour for the Holy Land. Or Israel. He, it was apparent, was gloomily well up in the difference between people who want to go to the Holy Land (as such) "with leisure time in Tel-Aviv," and those who want to go to the Holy Land (as such). Both these groups have to be sharply distinguished, in the able mind of Mr. Schwarz, from that other group which supposes that Israel and the Holy Land are the same *things*—no passport appreciation.

"But," I said, "suppose my aunt wants to go to Luxor?"

Mr. Schwarz was sympathetic. He said that if someone—as it might be my aunt or yours—wanted to go to Luxor, it probably could be "arranged."

"But isn't there," I insisted, "a Tour?" For it seemed to me that a world in which there are no Tours to

Luxor is by no means the world we used to know. Such a cessation would make a turning-point, like the end of gracious living on greensward at Hurlingham, etc., with prosperous Dukes, which occurred—so they say—in 1914, the year they all went down the Red Sea strand and had a Zenana.

Things looked worse and worse. It transpired that Peltours had actually arranged a Tour to Egypt, including Luxor, Cat of Bubastes, etc., on which approximately twenty people were to view the wonders.

Mr. S. pointed out that if you get more than twenty people on a Tour—as, for instance, a hundred—about fifteen per cent of them are liable to be disappointed. The sort of people who say "Cat of Bubastes" when what they really want is a morning's window-shopping in Tel-Aviv.

But, "in present circumstances," the view had been taken that even twenty people might find themselves dissatisfied with conditions in the Nile Valley.

"Why," I asked, deliberately needing this alert Corkman from the Wienerwald, "should such a thing be?"

He gave the kind of shrug, the kind of sideways look out of the window at Duke Street, W.1, which has for many a long year done duty as a reply to those naive Westerners who do not know what the world is really like—do not know that if you go to the wrong place at the wrong time you may find some worse inconvenience than chilly bath-water: such as getting killed by bomb, gun, or gas.

No Tour to Luxor this year. But, Mr. Schwarz emphasized, this is not very serious. The Holy Land Tour is fully booked—some going by sea, others by air.

NEXT WEEK'S PUNCH

will be a

SOCCER NUMBER

It will also contain the third
in the series of portraits in colour by

RONALD SEARLE

The subject is

LORD GODDARD, L.C.J.



"The trouble with you city-dwellers is that you just don't understand—



the farmer's point of view."



"We'd better go, darling. I think they're waiting to close for the season."



The Author enjoying a cup of tea, incognito, at the Seven Shrimps, Cogminster

Some Out-of-the-ordinary Ports of Call for Wayfarers

Chosen for you by "Lucullus"

WHAT, another? you will say, for already, like as not, your shelves groan beneath many a comely symposium of goodly taverns and cheery restaurants assembled 'twixt stout covers for your delectation. Have patience, sir—and you too, madam (for the ladies, bless 'em, are as choosy as the best of us nowadays when it comes to picking a cosy *pied-à-terre* for the night or a juicy rump steak *à l'Anglaise* to stay the inner man, or woman rather!). Another it is, no gainsaying that, but another *with a difference*. Putting it in a nutshell—as you could well do, by the by, with your portions at some of these "recommended" places I wot of—the difference is just this, that when you drop anchor at one of the out-of-the-ordinary spots I've given my vote to it will be *your* discovery just as much as mine. You don't quite cotton? Read on then.

We all know those well-run country hotels, where a roaring fire in the lounge and a warm welcome from Mr. and Mrs. Bartlett greet the hungry wayfarer, with roast duckling to follow and really *good* freshly-ground coffee served afterwards by a smiling waiter who knows that thick cream should *never* be offered in a plated jug. I've nothing against them, mind. Many's the time, before I started up in business on my own account (yes, believe it or not, there was a time when "Lucullus" was just an ordinary citizen like the rest of you, sleeping and eating at other people's recommendation!)—many's the time I've blessed the name of Ashley Viveur and Bon Courtenay and the rest of 'em for a comfortable laze on a terrace overlooking well-stocked gardens, not to mention a host of small attentions and gay bedside lamps in every room.

But don't you get a little tired, as I did, of always seeing the same old crowd of fellow-readers sipping Fred's "special" ("Don't, on any account, fail to try this; it really is something") in the cosy Jacobean bar, or sampling the chef's *Suprême de Volaille Maison* (10/6d., but worth it!) in the attractively-decorated dining-room with fascinating glimpses, as promised, of the rolling Welsh hills? All very comfortable and gay, I dare say, but not exactly *yours*, is it? I mean, half the pleasure of wayfaring is not knowing what to expect, don't you agree?

The same goes for Boloni's, that little place beloved of the *cognoscenti* just off Old Compton Street, where M. Croup's *Filet de Sole aux Morilles Sous Cloche* will astonish you at a modest 7/6d. It can't, can it, after you've read that.

Of course, I'm no magician, don't think that. I can't put you in the way of places neither of us has ever heard of, much less mentioned. So you'll find a name and an address or two in this little volume, and perhaps a word or two about some of the special delights that await you. *But you won't find everything here.* There's lots more to know about these out-of-the-way Meccas that will be *your* discovery—to pass on to your friends or to hug to yourself as the fancy moves you. And one more thing, just before I "cut the cackle and come to the 'osses"; you won't find the same old crowd in any of these "Lucullus" havens. I've taken a deal of trouble, though I says it "as shouldn't," to see that *not one* of the places mentioned *has ever been recommended before by anyone.* They're all yours.

Jolly good motoring, then, first-class fare *en route*, and a relaxing stay in unusual surroundings at journey's end.

THE RAILWAY HOTEL, BOOGE



South Front, showing the main entrance

Not every "Railway Hotel" deserves the name, but you will not be disappointed with this one. From the moment you step over the threshold on to the carefully-laid linoleum and give a cheery shout for Mrs. Humphries you will find yourself in a real home-from-home, where anything goes. Sturdy brown doors leading into the Commercial Room and well-appointed Public Bar lend an air of solid English comfort, while a glance at the hat-stand suffices to show that the genial proprietress believes in giving you value for money rather than meretricious frips and flummery. Follow her upstairs (the matting has been reversed and relaid recently, I noticed on my last visit—my first, too, as it happens) and you will sense the same atmosphere of good, sound North Country common sense. It is not difficult to guess, while you are waiting for a refreshing wash in your room (Mrs. Humphries wisely likes to see to your warm water herself, the first evening), that ample preparations are afoot down below for a really satisfying supper. I made a point of looking into several

rooms during my visit, by the way, and found nearly all the drawers neatly lined with newspaper and, considering the usual staffing difficulties, commendably few hairpins in any of them.

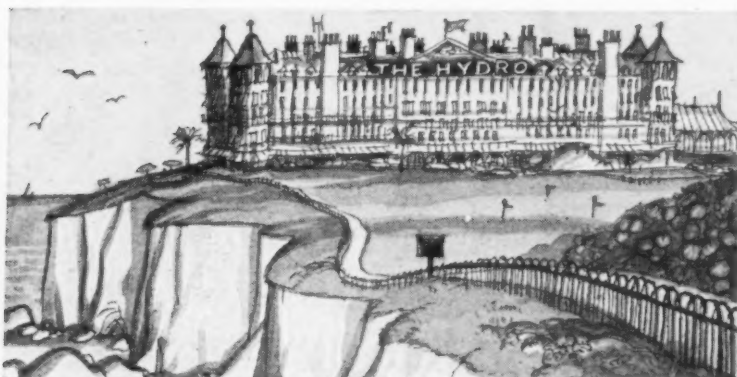
Plentifully heaped plates are the rule here, and Mrs. Humphries has a way with steamed hake that is all her own. Railway station less than half a minute, so there is always a friendly bustle of comings and goings to watch from your window. And there is even a plug for electric razors in the downstairs "Gents."

THE OLD FARM, SCUMBOLD WASTE, NORTHUMBERLAND

When the driving rain lashes the windows and thick mist rolls down from Grimknock Fell, there are few snugger places for miles than the well-scoured kitchen at the Old Farm. Mrs. Clegg's apple pasties are spotless too, so why not run up here for an out-of-the-ordinary autumn holiday, right away from everywhere? You'll find brass bedsteads upstairs, with unscrewable knobs to take you back to happy childhood days, a huge copper always on the boil (no laundry problems at Mrs. Clegg's!), and *no cocktail bar*. To keep you happily occupied there's a fine trudge (free to visitors) up Grimknock, and if that doesn't appeal you can go over the shoulder of Grewpen Fell and round by Hackwash Mire to Kirkby Tump (buses Monday and Friday) and so home to a scalding high tea. No need to worry over sodden, muddy boots here, for every room is stone-flagged throughout; besides, Mrs. Clegg is not one to grumble, so long as you enjoy yourself. Remember to book in good time, though; the postman only calls on Wednesdays.



THE HYDRO, TREWALLION HEAD, CORNWALL



The Cornish cliffs are rightly famed for their beauty, but I doubt whether you'll see a fairer sight, at the end of a long tramp, than the cleverly sited Hydro (its top-floor windows are 450 feet above the foaming Atlantic breakers). Inside you'll find nothing to disappoint the expectations roused by the exterior, and the cup of coffee (3/6d.) and friendly wash (1/-) I had here made me determined to pass the good news on. Alas! I couldn't stay, but I'll wager that anyone who decided to spend a holiday here would find himself in congenial company. Garages for six hundred cars.

THE RED HART, CRUMWICH

What a rare delight, in a changing world, to find one port of call that never varies! Drop in for lunch at the "Red Hart" and you'll have to rub your eyes to convince yourself you aren't eating the same meal that was prepared for you on your last visit perhaps a quarter of a century ago. Old George's rheumatism may have made him a shade slower, but it is still the same napkin, with the bold gravy stain in the centre, with which he deftly flicks the crumbs off to left and right of you as he takes your order. The huge cruets welcome you with a knowing wink as of yore, the chairs creak invitingly as you take your seat, and the years that the locusts have eaten roll away when George announces that he thinks the mutton is off, but he'll see. There is always brawn and (an excellent point this!) you can be confident of getting the hotel's famous Cheshire cheese even if you look in, as I did last autumn, as late as half-past one in the afternoon.

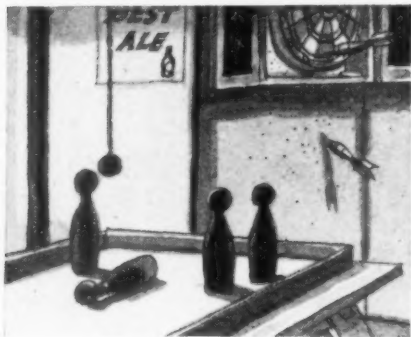
The wine list offers a choice of Barsac (white) or St. Emilion (red) at reasonable prices. Don't be too proud to ask George to advise you, if you aren't over-knowledgeable about wines yourself. He knows his cellar and, if he has any doubts, is always

ready to give you the benefit of them. Dogs are not allowed in the Coffee Room, by the way, but there is a fine oleograph of the Battle of the Nile over the fireplace which you should make a point of seeing.



The Coffee Room

THE CROWN INN, TIDDINGTON



A corner of the Games Room

If, like me, you can't always be bothered to eat a five-course lunch on a long drive to Wales or the West, you might do worse than try the dried raisins at the famed "Crown." Mine Host will make you royally welcome, whether it's your first visit or your fiftieth, and may even be able to hunt up a bag of potato crisps for you, if trade at the bar is not too brisk. I had a pink gin here, to warm me up one freezing October day, and found Mr. Frampton—"Nobby" to his intimates—a lot more generous with his angostura than many a West End barman. *Verb sap!*

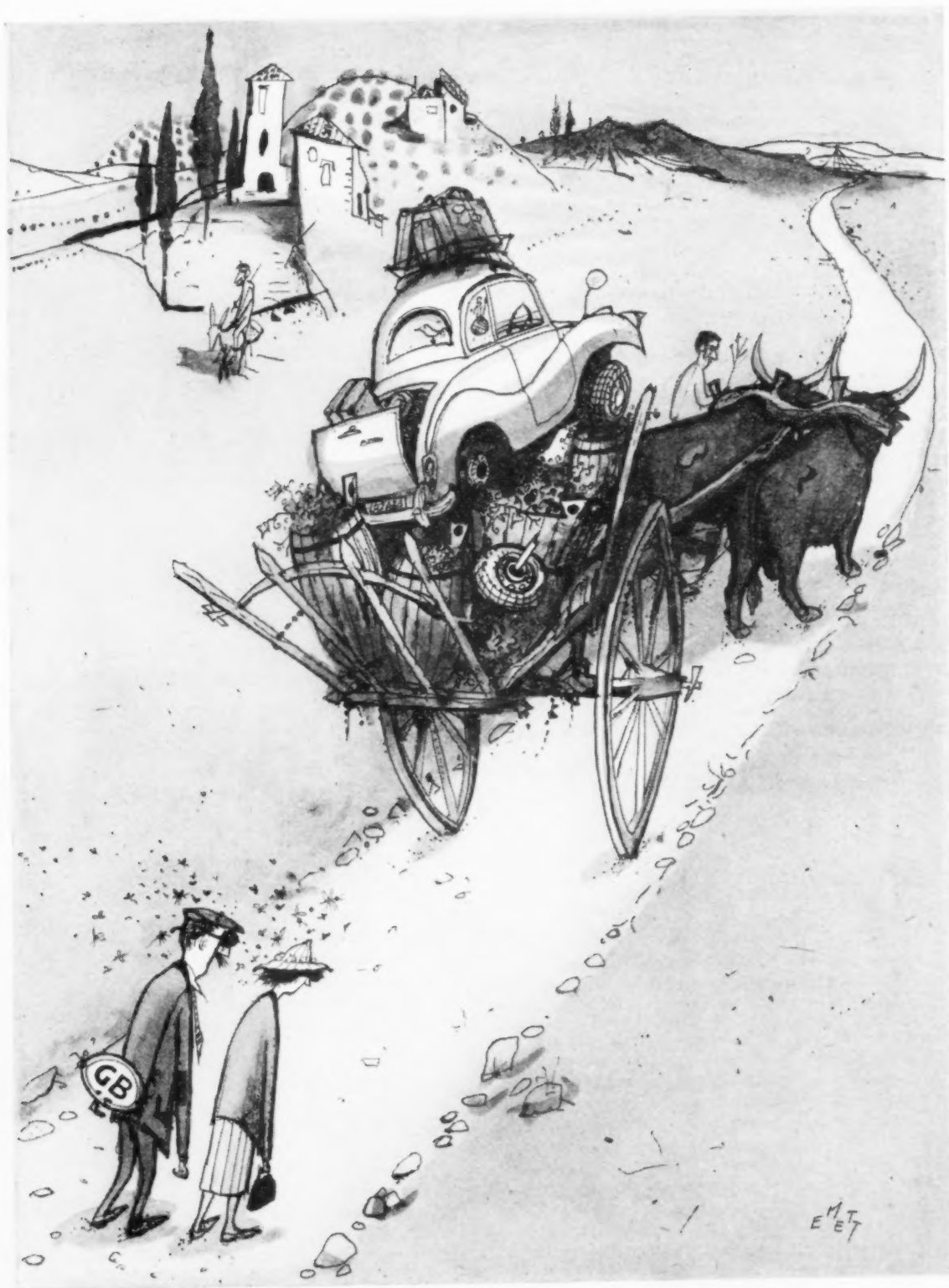
Nelson is said to have slept here, but Nobby has given up letting accommodation since those days. "Mrs. Judd can't manage the stairs now," he will tell you modestly.

THE DAISY TEA-ROOM, BLIMBURY, DEVON

High up on my list for a quick cuppa, or something more substantial if you're that way inclined. Try it after a ramble over the Moor, or a dekho at the ancient abbey (just round the corner from the Daisy). Of course, if you are the kind of person who likes French cooking and thin porcelain to drink from, this is not for you; but if, like me, you want it hot and strong and a friendly chat to go with it, there's no need to look further. Polly keeps the tables freshly wiped, and there's a sugar-bowl on every one, with those extending tongs fixed through the lid, so there's always something to fiddle with while Polly is seeing to your baked-beans-on-toast (1/8d.). Ask for her Yorkshire Relish, if there isn't a bottle already on your table, and don't forget to sample a plate of mixed *gâteaux*. You pay for what you eat of course—cream horns, at a modest ninepence, are a good buy—but Polly makes no charge for touching! Small wonder the cash register rings merrily and often of a summer afternoon at the Daisy.



Looking west from the famous urn



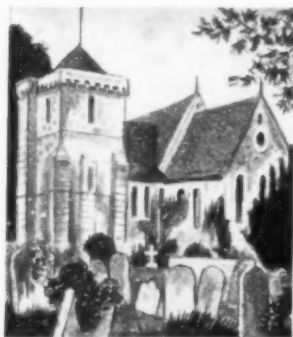
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THIS WEEK'S COVER



St. Botolph's, Wrybury

This little late Gothic gem, reproduced in four-colour photogravure as this week's cover picture, nestles in the unspoilt countryside within easy reach of London. The nave is of particular interest architecturally, with its pointed trefoils and ogee or double curved arches. Last Monday night St. Botolph's was visited by Legs Mumby and Fred the Cat, who successfully removed four hundredweight of lead from its ancient roof.

EDITORIAL

THE long winter evenings will soon be upon us, and with television licences now well over the 6,000,000 mark, and programmes on the whole getting louder, the cleaning out of upper rooms unbeknownst to viewers sitting *en famille* downstairs will prove an even more popular field of activity than in past years. A word of warning about these supposedly soft cribs, however. Statistics show that in more and more families at least one member tends to withdraw from the viewing circle and take refuge in bed. Ladder-men will be well advised to be alert for bedrooms occupied at unwontedly early hours.

It would also be only common sense, in this connection, for a clearing-house of raid plans to be set up, thus avoiding

clashes. Several times last winter two, and sometimes three, competitive parties met unexpectedly at the same address. If the suggestion found favour, the editorial office of this journal would be pleased to handle the administrative side. Readers' views are invited.

Public Relations

LAST month's U.S.B. figures show that no fewer than twenty-eight cars, all Soho based, were wrecked or seriously damaged. Of these, says the Underworld Statistic Bureau, only seven were involved in active getaways at the time, the rest being either in transit between acquisition site and respraying or on routine protection-dues duty. It is time that heads of organizations acted. The loss of the vehicles, often obtained at the cost of skilled planning and high courage, is bad enough. Worse is the effect on the prestige of criminals everywhere. The ordinary citizen, tolerant in the main of our professional activities, cannot but align himself on the side of the rozzers when he fears that he and his loved ones may be mown down at any bus-stop if a mishandled car runs out of road.

MUGSHOTS IN THE NEWS

Left to right: H. R. ("Cardy") Stevens is writing his life-story *King of the Gangs*, plans publication to coincide with end of Parkhurst sojourn (3 up, 2 to go). **Tommy the Shiv**, carved up in Frith Street, Thursday, will welcome old pals in Charing Cross Hospital, is going on well. **"Faggy" Brown**, cleared of hemp charges, Bow Street, Monday last.



Social Intelligence

SIR AUBREY TWINE-POMEREUX (silver, old masters) left for three weeks in Jamaica on the 19th inst. One caretaker (female, elderly).

Countess Bellshelter of Douglas holds a small dinner-party on October 4th. Applications as outside waiters should go in the previous week. (Gold plate, jade. Cars left unattended in road.)

Princess Petal of Rostenstein arrives London Airport, Flight 12, 28th inst. (Furs, jewellery, dollars). Car 4892 DMK will meet, drive Derbyshire (big, empty boot).

(For Continental readers). Mrs. Trebarrow-Smythe arrives Majestic Hotel, Cannes, 25th prox. Further details, call Viscomte de Quatre Pieds du Roy ("Dandy" Wilkes), 29a Rue Antibes, Cannes.

This feature is maintained for the convenience of readers, and every effort is made to render it as accurate as possible. No responsibility can be accepted, however, should errors land a reader in stir.

Thought for the Week

"'Tis still my maxim, that there is no scandal like rags, nor any crime so shameful as poverty."

George Farquhar (1678-1707).

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HARRY THE ICE IN £40,000 GRAB

RESIDENCE OF VISCOUNT DONE, WEDNESDAY

FURS, jewellery, silverware and other valuables estimated to be worth all of £40,000 were successfully removed from all parts of the historic Bellevue Towers, Great Posford, in the early hours of last Wednesday morning, by a small party working under the skilled ægis of Mr. H. H. Rubbett, a name which masks the true identity of none other than "Harry the Ice," well-known to *Cracksman* readers.

Small Staff

Entry was effected by means of the conservatory at the rear of the premises. The owner, the Viscount Gorse, being away for the week in Guernsey, only a small staff was in residence, and gave no

Commission on Betterment of Conditions in Penal Establishments. Two convictions for careless driving.

SHOTS AT PRISON CONCERT

FOLLOWING an incident during an entertainment at Pentonville last Friday evening Mr. Frederick ("Tich") Snape is now nearing the end of 10 days' S.C. Reports of the affair are only coming in slowly, but they suggest that Mr. Snape fired two shots at a male crooner, at or about the third refrain of a number entitled "I'll Find a Way to Your Heart." Snape, who is doing five for demanding with menaces, protested that the shots had been fired by Warder ("Little Bull") Wedgerow, but most reports suggest that this was an ill-

of the "thin end of the wedge," and asked where it was going to end. "Next thing it'll be not over fifty," said Mr. Prulk, "then over forty; once you start a lark of this character there'll soon be nothing to go at but babies' rattles." His speech was loudly applauded, and Mr. Kiteby (Kensington Church Street, Bayswater Underground) struck a humorous note by asking who was to know nowadays whether a female was over sixty or not. (*A voice*: "You have to count the rings on their trunks.") The motion was rejected unanimously.

Chivalry

Interviewed later, the "Vicar" said: "I was endeavouring to appeal to the organization's sense of chivalry, but it is palpable that they are beyond the reach of any decent streak, the ———s."

Mr. Bray has since been pulled in on a felonious intent rap. His associates wish him a speedy return to circulation.



Before the raid, Harry and the boys meet in the operations room for a last minute run-through. (Inset: Bellevue Towers)

trouble owing to the co-operation of Mr. Samuel ("Spoggy") Hughes, introduced into the ménage as second footman a month earlier. The property seized was compactly arranged in the Viscount's bedchamber and the servants' quarters, and proved easy of stowage and transport. No casualties were sustained and the operation, which commenced at 1.30 a.m., was completed at 3 a.m.

Four Spells

Mr. Rubbett—who has, of course, the Wimpow Park job and many other successes to his name—left school at 14 and went straight into a small-time race-course business. He has had four spells inside, all at Parkhurst. The Viscount Gorse (61) is Chairman of the Royal

judged attempt at a frame. Snape is well-known as a hater of music, and "Little Bull," as many readers will know, is as well-liked as any of the officers at the Ville.

AGE CEILING FOR BAGS?

"IDEALISTIC nonsense," was the verdict when a mass meeting of shop, park, tube and pavement workers met on Monday afternoon to consider a resolution, proposed by Mr. Arnold ("Vicar") Bray, that females of more than sixty years of age should not be made subjects of bag-snatching or pick-pocketing.

Humorous Note

Mr. Les Prulk (Leicester Square, Coventry Street and Haymarket) spoke

NEWS IN BRIEF

FURS from a night window job in Bond Street were driven off in a stolen police car ("C" Division), later found abandoned near New Scotland Yard.

Heads of organizations attended a sherry party given by Bang-On Printing, Fulham, and were shown new equipment producing not only currency notes and bonds but driving-licences, service discharge certificates and M.C.C. membership cards.

A night-watchman bound and gagged during a Hutton Garden operation told reporters: "The intruders were real gentlemen and bound me in the manager's easy chair. One came back to give me a horse for Kempton Park, which came in at five."

Bigamists are to apply to the A.L.B. for recognition as Law-Breakers within the meaning of the Association's membership rules.

Edinburgh Festival returns show an increase of fifty-eight successes over last year (360 against 302). Wallets again formed the largest class, with cigarette-cases second. "Miscellaneous" this year included an invalid-chair, a lady's girdle and three hearing-aids.

Mail Bag

SIR,—We enjoy your "readers' letters" piece, but would appreciate a change of title as the present one must come a bit near home for many readers as well as us.—901789, 875895 and 849687, C/o H.M. Prison, Dartmoor

SIR,—My wife has suggested that you might find a corner for the enclosed holiday snap of our little daughter, Shirley Angela. Talk about starting young! As you will see, it depicts her "lifting" a bucket and spade



from a beach toyshop at Bognor. Shirley is three and a half, and I may add that she made a clean snatch of it!—Arthur Baffinger, Poste Restante, G.P.O., Slough

SIR,—I am writing a short popular biography of Hubert Whelps, the famous receiver of stolen property, and should be grateful if any readers with letters, documents or other relevant Whelpiana would co-operate by loaning them. They will, of course, be treated with great care, and returned to the owners when done with.—(Rev'd.) H. Whitfrog Lapland, M.A., The Library, Parkhurst

SIR,—In your report of fighting at the graveside during Slasher Barnes's funeral you say "It was unfortunate that the Law was powerless to act." I think that you, like the officiating clergyman, overlook the Burial Laws Amendment Act, 1880, under which disorderly conduct at funerals is a misdemeanour.—Fosdyck Frowde Fisherby, q.c., Clifford's Inn, E.C.

READERS' QUERIES

The story is going round among my lot that the King's Cross - Grantham mail train stops every night between Hitchin and Biggleswade where the Guard leaves the van and collects hot coffee from a signalman's cottage. Can this be checked, as it seems too good to miss?—B.R.T., St. Neots

My advice would be to forget you heard this. Whether it's true or not, that territory is Big Charlie Forbes's.

Friends recommend me to open up a line doing studio audiences at Lime Grove and various of B.B.C. sound-broadcasting centres. Has this been tried, and if so can you please tell me (a) was it worth the candle and (b) how do I get in?—"Ben," S.E.1

Spanish Alf did a season of this, 1948-9. Results varied, from good with "Have a Go" (ready cash plus old silver watches for melting) to poor with "Twenty Questions" (deadbeat intellectuals). Don't waste time on B.B.C. staff if you try it. You should write for tickets to:

THEY ONLY BLEED INK!

HYPOCRISY is rife in the modern world, but nowhere more so than in the crime-reporting columns of the Sunday Press, where men with no qualifications but a portable typewriter give out week after week with articles on "Gangland Secrets," "Razormen—the Truth," etc.

Game of Rummy

I have met them, sought them out in their Fleet Street haunts, and I tell you they are a bunch of phoneyes. Two I expose by name, Roland Trimp (*Sunday Probe*) and Basil Wagitt (*Sunday World*).

An examination of their records shows that Trimp cheated in a Christmas game of rummy at the age of eighteen, and was knocked down by his step-mother; Wagitt was convicted in 1931 for driving a car without audible warning of approach. So much for their history of crime.



Inaccurate

Dozens of these parasites are cashing in on the hard-earned fruits of our operations without risking so much as a bruised thumb, and all under the

What does any CRIME REPORTER know about CRIME? In this controversial article BERT THE PLUSH indicts those Fleet Street parasites who claim omniscience of the Underworld and its work.

pretence of "exposing" matters of which they know nothing. Their reports are inaccurate, composed as they are on the strength of titbits dropped by low-ranking policemen over half-pint bribes. For instance, in an alleged interview

with George "Gutsy" Guzziano in the *World*, Wagitt described him as the man behind "three of the year's biggest country house hauls." Whereas "Gutsy's"

unvarying speciality, as we all know, is the rustic mail-van hold-up (nine successes since 1954).

Clean Up

It is time this was stopped. I can reveal that plans are afoot to start a new branch of protection activity. Trimp, Wagitt and the rest will be asked for a percentage or else. If it achieves nothing more it at least ought to clean up the Sunday papers.

(Don't miss Bert in next week's "Cracksman," with another outspoken piece: "End These Vicious Sentences.")

Comical Quotes

"THE police know what is going on."—Sir John Nott-Bower

"In England still, thank God, a man can walk down any street without having to keep one hand on his pocket-book."—B.B.C. Overseas Broadcast

"It seems very strange to me that a man can pay £500 for a second-hand car which, when he comes to drive it away, is found to have no sparking-plugs and a cylinder head full of water."—Magistrate at Bow Street

"How many of us, in the whole of our lives, have ever seen a crime committed?"—The Home Secretary

"B.B.C. Ticket Unit, Broadcasting House, W.1."

Are there actual exercises one can learn for the hands, to slip out of the bracelets?—R. de L. M., Victoria

No. Some people expand their wrist muscles so that the dicks open the handcuffs wider than they need, and they can then be slipped off. But it is just a matter of physique.

I am very fond of a young lady (20) who has been brought up quite straight, and colleagues in my mob (poor-boxes, bags, cloakrooms, etc.) tell me I should not contemplate wedlock until she has done one or two jobs. Can you recommend a useful start, not too risky, for a young, good-looking blonde?—"Romeo," Chiswick

Small-scale shoplighting would qualify, and on a lift of single articles is very hard to prove if nabbed. Also, a dame faking a faint to get into a joint already cased is useful, and would not pay off more than six months for f.o.

Profile

MANY people had never heard the name of Bertram ("Waldorf") Ramsdale until his sensational break out of remand home in 1933, when he burned his way through an eight-foot box hedge with a blow-torch and got away on a policeman's bicycle, having kidded the owner that he was late for an investiture at Buckingham Palace.

This last was characteristic. The blow-torch was not, but merely a necessary stratagem. Waldorf has relied on his silver tongue and aristocratic appearance to get him where he is to-day (Pentonville). His latest retirement from public life left an unpaid bill of more than £1,800 at one of London's smartest hotels, and Waldorf's acquaintances know that he



thoroughly enjoyed every penny of it. During his career, which may still be said to be at its peak, he has held almost every commissioned rank in all H.M. Services, and for a fortnight in 1944, with rank of Wing Commander, actually commanded an R.A.F. Stores and Equipment Unit in Middlesex. He won the affection of all under him, and it is said that the Sergeants Mess later petitioned the Chief Constable to let them have him back. Waldorf has at various times posed as the Duke of Norfolk, Group-Captain

Cheshire, Earl Mountbatten, the President of the Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society, Sir John Rothenstein and Viscount Hailsham. Married, with four wives.

SOHO DAY BY DAY

It may not be long before the sites of successful robberies, and the birthplaces of celebrated criminals, will be identifiable by simply-worded plaques similar to those used by the L.C.C. to commemorate achievement in other walks of life. Sponsoring the scheme is ex-Detective-Inspector Brimsby Wimey, who, it will be remembered, gave up police work at the time of the Dogstar corruption case, if not before.

A Riddle Explained

The youth-leader at an East End club was puzzled when, last Wednesday night, the boys declined to leave at the usual time. Asking a senior boy to lock up, the mystified official then went home and left forty of his charges singing student songs. I can clear the mystery up for him. At eleven o'clock precisely a sleek limousine arrived at the club, bringing a Soho

celebrity long a stranger to those parts—Mr. Jack Cribbo. For more than an hour he held the young up-and-comings enthralled with tales of his underworld adventures. He told me on the telephone, "Take it from me, talk of decadent British youth is all wrong. Ten of those lads wanted to come with me on the Victrola job, and if I hadn't made the personnel arrangements already I'd have taken the lot of them."

A Blow for Self-respect

Miss Lottie Shamler, well-known as the talented associate of the Fernandez brothers, is to present an unusual petition to the Home Secretary next week. Signed by over sixty leading Soho personalities, it asks that the practice of arrest in full public view shall be discontinued by police officers, as this is proving "socially prejudicial."

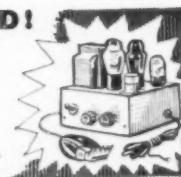
Tail-piece

A policeman on point duty in Oxford Street was approached by Snatcher Roberts during last Saturday's lunch-time rush-hour. "What's the time, please, officer?" said Snatcher. The dick felt his tunic, looked alarmed and said "I don't seem to have my watch." "That's right," said Snatcher—and ran.

Cracksman

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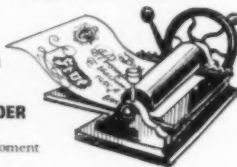
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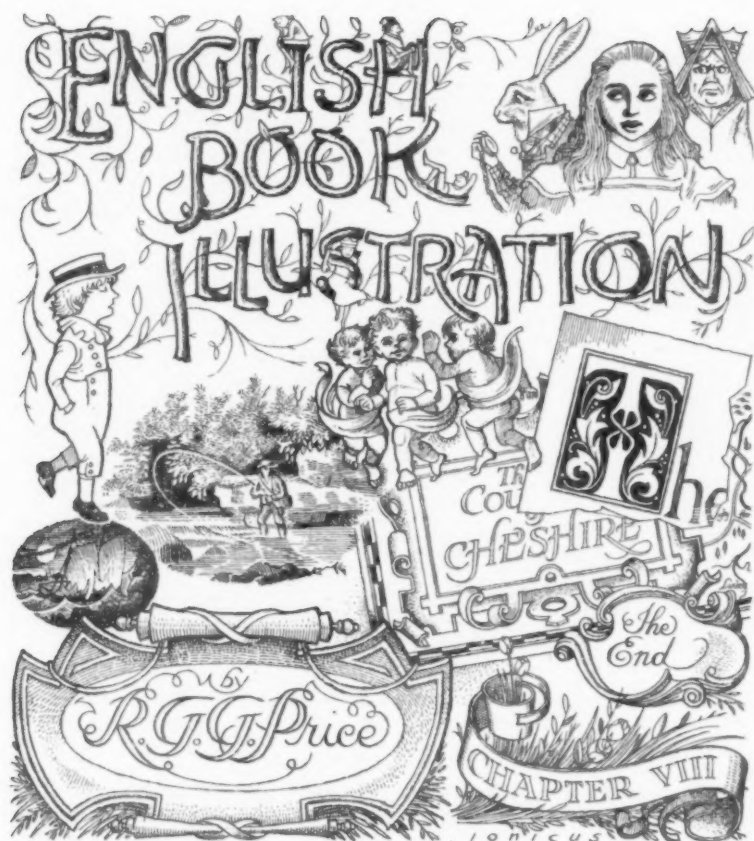
SOLUTION TO CROSSWORD No. 1241

ACROSS

1. Option. 3. With menaces. 9, 10. Blunt instrument. 11. Tic-Tac. 12. Daylight robbery. 13. Bottomley. 14. Embezzled. 15, 16. Desk Sergeant. 19. Took the rap. 21. Sessions. 24. Tobymen. 26. Black cap. 27. Oakum. 28. Fine morning. 29. Bailee. 30. Seddon.

DOWN

1. Hearty breakfast. 2. In and out. 4. Small hours. 5. Mouthpiece. 6. Legal aid. 7. Squealers. 8, 18. Scene of the crime. 17. Split the take. 20, 22. Little brown jug. 23. Rue Morgue. 24. Snide. 25. Clink Street.



BOOK Illustration is not a lost art but a changed art, and change, except when Ariel describes it, is less arresting than loss. Books are still illustrated by distinguished artists. Unnecessary women still re-illustrate children's classics. What has gone is the matter-of-course assumption that a novel ought to have pictures.

The monks who thought that a picture of their contemporaries hay-making or repelling assault on a castellated town illustrated the *Nunc Dimittis* had the same broad attitude to illustration as the refugees who, a quarter of a century ago, considered that imitation Child Art illustrated the most knottily intellectualized verse. After the monks there was a gain in relevance and a loss in decorativeness that lasted from the useful woodcuts of early printed books to the elaborately labelled diagrams of how to fire muskets in unison

or steer for the Spanish Main. Illustration and delight were evenly balanced only in a period that, not to be pedantic, can be described as a bit later than them and a bit earlier than us.

The heyday was from about Stot-hard to the First World War, the period covered at the top by Mr. Philip James's meaty "Pelican" on the subject and at a lower level by the people who collect Victorian boys'-novels and not only swap them but bid for them at auctions. As we think of the books that were produced in the days when a novel was expected to stand reading aloud for weeks, it is not literary qualities we remember but the curious sepia tint of the villain's hat as he skulked by the buffet at Charing Cross, the way that archers always looked more fancy-dressed than knights, and the anaesthetized air of farms in the late afternoon.

To-day the illustrator may be a tremendous swell but he often kills the text. It is a bad move for a young poet to have his work illustrated by Picasso, unless he wants royalties rather than readers. No illustrator who is out to appeal to art-lovers is going to keep looking over his shoulder at literature-lovers who need a little help in visualizing the scene of Roberta's downfall or the studio in which the dealer got the black instead of the red spot. Modern illustrators sometimes get away with a good deal by claiming to be inspired by the author instead of guided by him, and draw his mood rather than his characters. The *reductio ad absurdum* of this trend was when instructive books for kiddies about birdies and beasts began to be illustrated with multi-coloured blobs.

Where is the illustrator who can bring to life the typical contemporary novel, with scenes like those in which the Marine's childhood experience of being *de trop* drives him to seek love from the Parisian Communist, or the poet from Huddersfield opts for meat teas and the Pally instead of soupless luncheons and only the name of the house and the shire on the writing paper (no hyphen), or the Catholic Baronet gets tight because he wants to remarry his ex-wife and finds that owing to some misfire in the annulment she has got within the prohibited degrees?

Basking in the cosy warmth of prejudice, we turn back to the mottled covers of the oblong volumes that might be some curious form of backgammon-board and turn out to be plates of Copenhagen or early steam-engines or Hagia Sophia. We race through tattered historical novels in order to rediscover the plate at Pa. 112 with "To face Pa. 203" printed at the foot: Captain Grey-Devereux is laughing as if he knows that his life is charmed as the boomerangs do havoc to all but him. We leaf through the album of verses in which so many conveniently start with a capacious O. How thoroughly unfair it all is to the modern draughtsman.

Illustrators have grown steadily more independent towards their authors. The lack of illustration which is so marked a feature of modern fiction is

(contd. on page 347)

F. MATANIA'S "PRIDE AND PREJUDICE"



Miss Elizabeth Bennet visits Lady Catherine de Bourgh

DU MAURIER'S "TREASURE ISLAND"



Master Jim Hawkins (pertly). "Mr. Silver, sir?"

Long John Silver (who has had the misfortune to have his left leg cut off close by the hip). "Yes, my lad."

[Collapse of elderly parrot]

SOME MISSED OPPORTUNITIES — I

AUBREY BEARDSLEY'S "THE LITTLE MINISTER"



"But she passed unconscious of his presence and he had not moved or spoken."

English Book Illustration
D. G. ROSSETTI'S "HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES"



"Never have I seen a man run as Holmes ran that night."

ROWLAND HILDER'S "BLACK BEAUTY"



"I was quite happy in my new place."

KATHLEEN HALE'S "THE CRUEL SEA"



"He gripped the front of the bridge-rail and stared ahead of him."

due to many things, as most things are; but one factor of importance is that illustrators have got keener and keener on art and more and more uppish about their keenness. The increasingly uneasy relationship betrays itself in the following snatches of correspondence from artist to author.

A Century of Illustrators to their Authors

I HAVE received Chapters CCCC to CCCCL of *Lady Folgar's Crime* and enclose preliminary wash sketches of the designs I propose, the which I trust will meet with your approval. There are, if I may be so bold, two points upon which I should desire further instructions:

Is the visage of the Governess in the illustration "Thus far and no farther" to show guilty knowledge or merely surprise? Will the later chapters contradict my assumption in the illustration "Colonel Benskin opines the contrary" that the octagonal sitting-room was on the ground floor?

Thank-you, dear old boy, for your kind words anent the *Jones on the Pier* drawings. Dooood hard work they were, too. Have I made the fair Maud cheeky enough? I think, though I sez it meself, sir, that Young Harold's seaside get-up is by way of being a classic of graphic art.

I have tried to express only healthy sentiments in my wee drawings to *Mr. Stoot Plays Fire-Engines*. I am sorry that I cannot bring myself to illustrate Chapter Seven. I implore you to root it out of the dear little book. When the world is so full of cleanly and beautiful things, surely we should not dwell upon what is ugly? Let darling Mr. Stoot polish his brass and wear his funny helmet and boast to the other creatures; but please, you sweet Miss Formica Andrewes-Andrews, do not introduce a real fire even though of course no living creature is placed in any danger.

Here are the drawings for *Chilperic of the Varangian Guard*. Sorry about the cigarette burns. I don't know what you meant about greaves. I draw what I feel. The drawings, as anyone can see with half an eye, express my response to the moral flabbiness of the beef-witted

hero. I convey my feeling about war by using a combination of green with rectangles. Ruma the pacifist, the only character who seems anywhere near adult, gets ultramarine and curves. The small black dots convey my reaction to climate, or rather to temperature. I paint heat and cold. I refuse to paint sunlight. Why the hell don't you make the publishers pay in advance?

The greatest English painter is Turner. I only hope the printers will get the colour-registration right in my illustrations. They are variations on a theme of sunset through spume. By the way, has not your detective made a slip of half a minute in his time-table of the crucial half-hour in the Master's Quad?

I have done a slightly agreeable bogus pastiche of an early Caroline Manual of Anatomy for the main illustration in Book Two: *The Launching of the Bathy-*

NOTES ON EXAMPLES OF ENGLISH COLOUR WORK—I

(See opposite page)

1. HISTORICAL NOVEL. Circa mid-nineteenth century. The following may be taken as a typical extract from the facing page:

Extract:

"That which is to be will be," returned the Exarch, not unmindful that the favours of the gods are oft bestowed upon whom accept their edicts with submission.

The Barbarian laughed impiously, tucking his thumbs into his cincture and rolling his fierce blue eye, the which was partly hidden behind long tresses of yellow hair, nor yet forgetting to stamp his leathern boots upon the Cispaline dust. A sudden sound from the camp gave him, which were not surprising, pause, for it comprised a wailing from the women's tents, combined with the brutish clashing of spear upon omphalos, which signalized the advent of a Moot.

"Something has come to pass," he muttered with a savage vigilance.

2. CHILDREN'S BOOK. Mid-nineteenth century. The names of Greenaway and Caldecott come to mind.

Extract:

"The hornbook was so very puzzling. The Rule of Three made his round wooden head ache. The globe seemed all strange shapes and hard names. O weary Little Tinderman, how hard it is to keep drowsy eyelids open. You will slumber deep to-night, Little Tinderman, on your shelf."

3. ADVENTURE STORY. Late Victorian. Rifle v. assegai.

Extract:

"Warm work, as the cook said when she fell in the oven," cried Tim O'Sheenan merrily as he wrenched an assegai from the wall of the stockade.

"Less chatter and more powder, you Dublin mule," sang out Captain Dowd in his inimitable drawl. His pipeclay dazzling white, his brass burnished like the sun, his plumed shako worn with an indescribable *je-ne-sais-quoi*, he showed merely disdain as his Winchester picked off the attackers one by one. The terrible drums, the crack of bullets, the imprecations of the witch-doctors, the screams of bestial hatred from the fuzzy-wuzzies made an indelible impression on Harold.

sphere and the First Thousand Miles. It is all labelled muscles and a general effect of some quit: unbelievably premature steel-engraving. For all that exciting stuff about the Coral Reef, I have let myself be inspired by the French Fashion Plate of about 1840. Now when you land in the Marquesas I am thinking of something rather Cake-walk, all scintillating toppers and strut. A boy wants to think of the ballet-rights, doesn't he?

I disagree entirely. The theme of *At Father O'Mulligan's* is the sour high-spirits of the young curates as they take it out on the villagers and their gradual winning-over by the Rector. All your suggestions for the treatment of individual scenes is moth-eaten formalism or even abstractionism. Social Realism demands that we see the Presbytery sink. I illustrate only work; take it or leave it.



"CALUMNIA THE PYTHONESS GAVE THEM ANSWER."

1



THE LITTLE TINDERMAN'S FIRST DAY AT DAME
WURZEL'S SCHOOL.

2



"ANOTHER UMTALI BIT THE DUST."

3

CHARACTERISTIC EXAMPLES OF ENGLISH COLOUR WORK—I



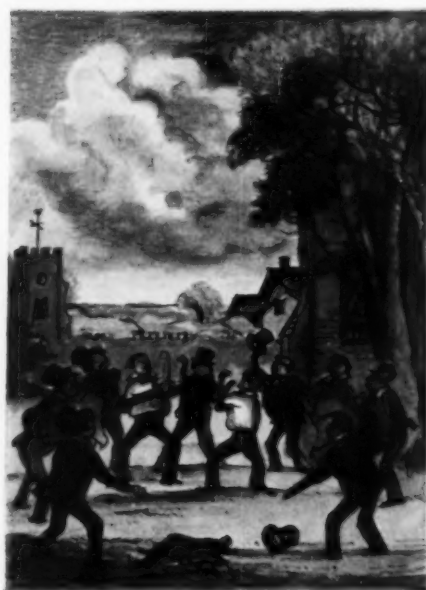
"NOW HERE, TIMOTHY, WE HAVE A CREATURE FAR REMOVED INDEED FROM CELLEPORA D'ARCY-HIGSONIA."

4



TOREADOR, TOREADOR!

5



"UP WITH YOUR FIVES, YOUNG 'UN, BEFORE THE DOCTOR PRIGS US."

6

NOTES ON EXAMPLES OF ENGLISH COLOUR WORK—II

(See opposite page)

4. DISCURSIVE NATURAL HISTORY. Early 1860s.

Extract:

"Observe the manner in which the vent-holes circumvallate the anterior fin. Who, after considering the wisdom with which The Creator has designed the respiratory system of creatures which, existing in a watery element, would but rarely encounter nitrogen, could give credence to the views of those who find in the pretensions of the Papacy the unmistakable impress of the Divine hand?"

"Only the shallow, Mr. Goodbody."

5. HUMOUR. Early Edwardian.

Extract:

"Now this deponent cannot positively asseverate that, as Pringle claimed, the bull winked at him when Higginbottom offered it bribes to go away. Pringle has his virtues. Pringle is kind to his landlady and even to his landlady's children. Pringle's only appearance at the Old Bailey has been as one of twelve good men and true. Nevertheless, it must be admitted that if he has a fault it is a slight tendency to the kind of embroidery that is nothing to do with the Royal School of Needlework. Perpend . . .

6. SCHOOL STORY. Mid-Victorian.

Extract:

"When the bell for Evensong sounded, both 'maulers' shook hands like the true Englishmen they were and helped each other to apply the bandages and splints that were needed, before they hurried to be in time for the Doctor's sermon. Few were the weeks in which brain-fever took no toll; but the Doctor never failed to draw some fresh moral lesson from the decline in the school numbers. To-night even Farquharson maj., who could take four or five swishings in a day without losing his cheerful grin, felt a huskiness in his throat. The fags were frankly blubbering while even Old Smoggy, grimmest of ushers, gently pressed the tears from his beard on to his hands. As the light faded and the Doctor brought his sermon to an awe-inspiring close, he suddenly thundered, "If any boy be not pure in thought, word and deed, let him wait outside my study at daybreak to-morrow."

SHOULD ELEPHANTS WEAR SHORTS?

GONE for ever, one fears, are the days when the object of Children's Books was to scare the lights out of their readers. For over a hundred years there has been a pronounced trend against gibbets as illustrations to juvenile fiction. The bookish child is no longer reared on Zola-esque realism and every effort is made to delude it about the nature of the world in which it is growing up. Where this began I do not know, possibly as far back as the early illustrators of Perrault; but it had certainly driven realism right out of the market by the time of Tenniel's illustrations to Lewis Carroll, and by the time of Beatrix Potter the victory for the non-representational was complete.

Mice do not do housework; they cause it. A child who is allowed to

reach manhood believing that the average mouse likes nothing more than to put on a frilly apron and make its home as spick and span as something out of a travelogue about the Netherlands is being reared in error, and the parents have only themselves to blame if the shock of contact with the Animal Kingdom as it really is throws it into the arms of Vice. Walruses do not associate with carpenters. Elephants' children do not speak to strange crocodiles. Hens, to descend somewhat lower, do not wear check caps.

There was something to be said for the early twentieth century production of *frissons* by making animals share pictures with limp watches and hooved clergymen (I don't know anything about Art, but I do like Surrealism), but most of the anthropomorphism in book illustration was intended to produce cosiness rather than horror. Animals tended to make little baskets

and dance in the open air and put on bonnets to pay calls and generally behave more like members of some ideal W.I. than as if red in tooth and claw. Chinese dragons are, I think, sometimes red-toothed, but never home-making bears or cycling toads.

With recent additions to the list of animals illustrated there has come the difficulty of deciding what kind of human being they should be given the semblance of. Should a duck-billed platypus be dressed like a digger or should it be transported to Cornhill and dressed like something in insurance broking? Should a coelacanth wear a Madagascan costume or a Welsh costume or a marked resemblance to Professor Smith of Grahamstown? Should a virus wear a blazer? Illustrators do not ask themselves these questions because they do not go in for logic. They simply draw what they are able to draw and add any colours they happen to have or that their publishers tell them are inexpensive. No branch of the art of the last hundred years has been so deserving of criticism from strong-minded representationalists as the Drawing of Animals for Kiddies.

Space-Travel has come as a godsend to the weaker draughtsman. If his kangaroo looks too ursine or simian he can explain that it is some kind of Space Mammal. He can also cover the difficult bits like the pouch with machinery, and machinery can be drawn with a ruler and compasses, which pelts cannot be. He can even make the animal fuzzy round the edges and blotchy in the middle. This will break down a child's innate belief that animals begin and end quite definitely and might lead to young children's getting bitten. So far the Science Fiction and Ultra-Domestication trends have kept distinct. It is only a question of time, as we say when guessing, before Things will be tripping upstairs to give other Things breakfast in bed, dimity-nightgowned Things who find marmalade scrumptious.

FINIS



To Hell with Spain

By HONOR TRACY

BEHIND Billy Waldron's angry temples as he lurched out of the roasting sun into the Alhambra Hotel there was but a single idea. With other cameramen he had been celebrating the completion of an assignment in which, as he had to admit, he had surpassed even himself. The lunch had been in keeping with the dignity of a free press and commensurate with the resources of a popular one; and before his bewildered eyes the very houses of Madrid appeared to reel in sympathy. Now all he craved in life was a long sleep in his cool room until the roaring in his head should die away.

But with his key the clerk in the bureau passed him a cable. "This came soon after you went out, sir."

A complacent grin spread over the wine-lit features as Billy began to read the message. "Heartiest congratulations magnificent coverage wedding," it promisingly began. Well, it had been magnificent, too. It was the word he

would have chosen himself. A whole week long this fantastic marriage between the tail-ends of two once-royal houses had kept him on the go: he had lost his sleep and skipped his meals, and probably shortened his life by tearing about in the sun. And twice he had been arrested, for it was no orthodox coverage that the paper required.

Many years ago his proprietor had expected a peerage as the reward for some loyal campaign, but had been fobbed off with an invitation to the Royal Garden Party in its place. The incident had turned him against monarchs and aristocrats everywhere, and from that day forth, although the peerage was safe in the bag long since, he had had towards them what he was wont to describe as a "policy." One of the gifts that endeared Billy to his employer was his sensitive appreciation of matters like these. He required no briefing at all.

Within a few hours of arriving in the

Spanish capital he had secured a picture, from behind, of the portly Archduchess Sophia as she missed her footing on a marble stairway. It was luck, no doubt, but a slower man would have let it slip. Nor was he merely quick and shrewd: he had vision, the artist's eye. He could see, where others couldn't, that while old Prince Jules innocently stroked his moustache there was a shot to be taken in one split second which would make him appear to be picking his nose. From start to finish he never missed a trick. One brilliantly foolish, one subtly misleading picture followed another, and far away in London Lord Silverlake, formerly Thripps, purred his approval.

All very fine, but how was Billy requited? As he read on the grin died away and was replaced by a look of mingled fury and woe. Now the message continued: "Please send promptliest Spanish peasant girl pro-inclusion Fridays simple life sincere regards editor." Promptliest! The more he did for them the more they wanted, the more they demanded as of right. He was a slave, a nothing, a marionette that danced on a string. Surely, he thought almost weeping, he had earned a siesta?

"Simple life my fanny!" he snarled, balling the cable and dashing it on the ground.

It was a new caprice of His Lordship to set up as the friend of the poor and lowly. He had inaugurated a weekly series of portraits, Cotswold Shepherd, Lancashire Cotton-Girl, Grimsby Fisherman and so on, for which from details supplied by the photographer he distilled a caption himself, in a prose now biblical, now reminiscent of *Time* magazine. This week, of course, to show that his heart was in the right place and beating solidly with the masses against privilege and wealth, he had to have a local. Billy might have foreseen as much.

"Order me a car pronto," he snapped at the clerk. Then he staggered upstairs and put his gear together. Next he telephoned to Pedro, the student who acted as his interpreter. The telephone was answered by Pedro's sister.

"Pedro makes the siesta now," she said in a hesitating voice, when at last he managed to explain what he wanted.



"I'll bet he does. But he has to get up. This is urgent."

"Pedro makes the siesta. He does not like I molest him," the girl repeated.

"Look here, I don't like to molest him. But we have work to do. Pedro must come here at once. Im-mediate-ly. *Entiende?*"

"*Pero... está dormiendo,*" she said again, with courteous patience; and gently rang off.

To hell with Spain! Billy stripped to the waist and went into the bathroom to plunge his head and neck under the cold tap. But the water was turned off at this time of day. To hell with Spain! He dressed again in a gay flowery shirt which he left hanging outside his trousers. The desk rang through to say that the car was waiting and, still cursing under his breath, he went down to the hall.

So Pedro was asleep in his bed, as fine as a Press Lord. Billy had to get the clerk to explain the job to the driver. Simple enough, he thought, but it took more than half an hour. To begin with, the clerk himself was at a loss to understand what was wanted. The whole project sounded to him like wild foreign nonsense. The señor wished to be driven out to the country to find a girl, any pretty girl of the villages, and take her photograph for his journal in London? And the girl was to write down her name, age, work, the number in her family, her marriage plans if any? *And she was to receive a hundred pesetas for that?* He gazed anxiously at Billy as if wondering was it only the drink or could it be madness too. Then he began trying to explain it to the driver but, completely mystified himself, only managed to puzzle and frighten him. A long worried discussion took place, while Billy cracked his fingers and danced about with impatience.

"The man says he will take you to the village of his cousins," the clerk at last informed him. "You may speak with his cousin Rosalia, because his cousin Juanito is there too and he knows English."

"Is this Rosalia pretty?"

A further exchange took place between the Spaniards. "As the day itself," then quoted the clerk.

"All right then, let's get started, for heaven's sake."

To hell with Spain.

He was to repeat this litany at



"I see you're still in mourning."

intervals throughout the long horrible journey. Once clear of Madrid the man drove as if the furies were at him. After bowling along the highway for an hour or so he struck off up a country road so pitted and scarred that the vehicle tossed up and down like a boat in high seas. They dashed through *pueblo* after *pueblo*, in any of which Billy could have found what he needed. Once they came on a party of men and women led by a robed priest, who were preparing to set out, barefoot, up a steep rocky path to a mountain shrine that was visible far above. These lunatics would go trekking up there hour after hour in the horrible sun and then trek down again. Professionally alert as ever, in spite of his piteous condition, Billy called out to the driver to stop. Simple Faith was another Silverlake line and there were those indeed who alleged that, had it not been for the Nonconformist readership, he

would have been ready to grace the fold himself. But the man was determined to secure the hundred pesetas for his cousin, and with a cheery cry of "*Nada, nada!*" he drove on faster than before.

At last they came to an assortment of cabins on the side of a hill and, with a jerk that sent Billy's entrails flying roofwards, the driver pulled up. Leaping out he vanished inside a tiny cave-like dwelling, from which a hum immediately arose as if someone had stirred up a hive of bees. In twenty minutes he reappeared, leading cousin Rosalia by the hand. The girl was not really plain but, as Billy saw at once with rage, she had an appalling squint. Five or six other people came pouring out of the hovel, all talking at the tops of their voices, while the rest of the village silently collected round them. Juanito, the brother, who also squinted, came over to the car.

"Fools! blockheads!" Billy muttered,

climbing out with an ingratiating smile on his lips.

"You want to take my sister's picture, señor?" Juanito asked.

"That's the idea."

"She want to put on her Sunday dress and fix her hair."

"No. I want her just as she is."

Juanito murmured this over to himself. "But she been working and she is dirty," he said, after a while.

"That's what we want," Billy said, in a hearty, sincere kind of voice. "My paper is interested in working-people, in their everyday lives, their simple joys and sorrows. We don't want any dressed up women. Our readers will prefer to see a good Spanish peasant girl." Oh stuff it, Billy Graham, he thought.

Juanito chewed this over as well in his own time, his crossed eyes fixed intently on Billy's face. "Well, what do you know!" he said at last. "Okay, señor."

It took some little time to persuade Rosalia to look modestly down at the ground, so that the squint might be

hidden, and even then she would burst into giggles and bury her face in her hands as he was about to shoot. This happened four or five times, with Billy chanting curses under his breath. At last he managed to get her, whereupon the others all set up a clamour for their pictures to be taken too. What with the noise and the heat, the smell of sweaty bodies crowding in and the fierce ache of his head, he began to feel he was living a nightmare.

"Tell them to shut up, do!" he exclaimed, wiping his forehead.

Juanito violently harangued the people and the din was hushed. Now they stood watching, following every movement he made with the concentrated, mindless stare of animals, and always creeping a little nearer. An old woman put out a skinny arm and stealthily pinched the material of his shirt between her forefinger and thumb.

"Now then. How old is she? Where does she work? Has she a sweetheart?"

"She is twenty-five. She work in the house and in my field. She has no *novio*. I try to find her one. But the

young men are all gone from here. And she has nothing to bring."

"Father alive?"

Juanito hesitated. Then he said something in Spanish and all at once a little tremor went over the staring crowd like wind passing over a field of grass. Their faces, blank before, now grew fixed and wooden as if they were wearing masks. The old woman rocked to and fro and groaned to herself "Ay, ay, ay!" Frowning, Billy tapped the book with his pencil and looked from one to the other. The brother and sister were arguing in low, passionate voices.

"Our father was shot by the Reds in the war," said Juanito, looking away over the hill-side.

The news made Billy feel slightly more cheerful, for Red Atrocities were also one of Lord Silverlake's cups of tea. He put the rest of his questions briskly, thanked them all and took out a hundred-peseta note; but at this there was another deafening burst of conversation.

"Please to give us smaller notes," the young man begged. "There is no money in our *pueblo*. We'd have to go way down town to get that changed."

Not even the change of a pound! To hell with Spain, Billy thought, emptying his pockets out. Then he put his things together and, waving and beaming like a film-star, began with relief to climb into the taxi.

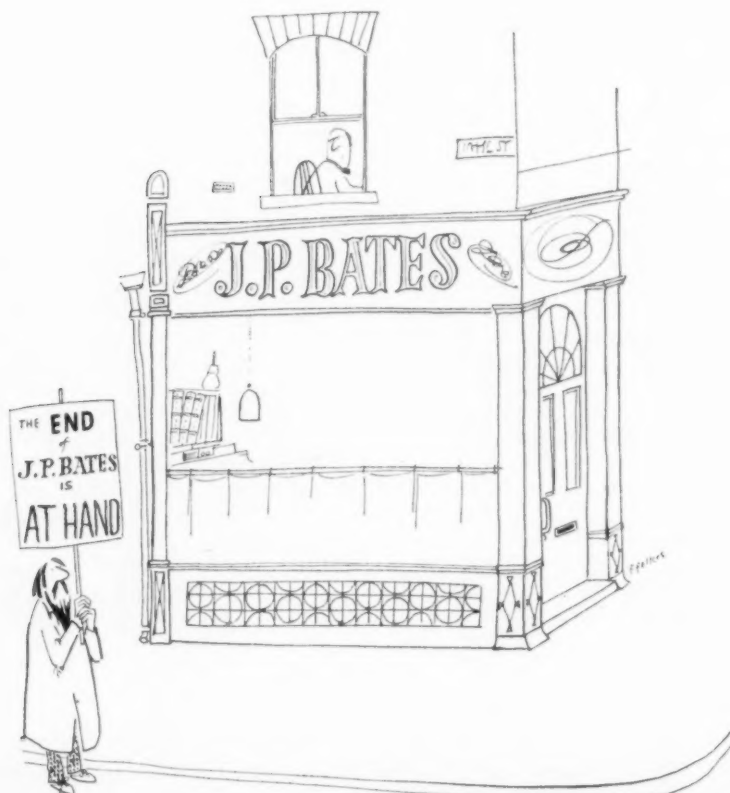
"Señor!" said Juanito suddenly, putting his hand on the door. He was looking away over the hill. "The newspapers in your country, in London, señor. Everything in them is truth, no?"

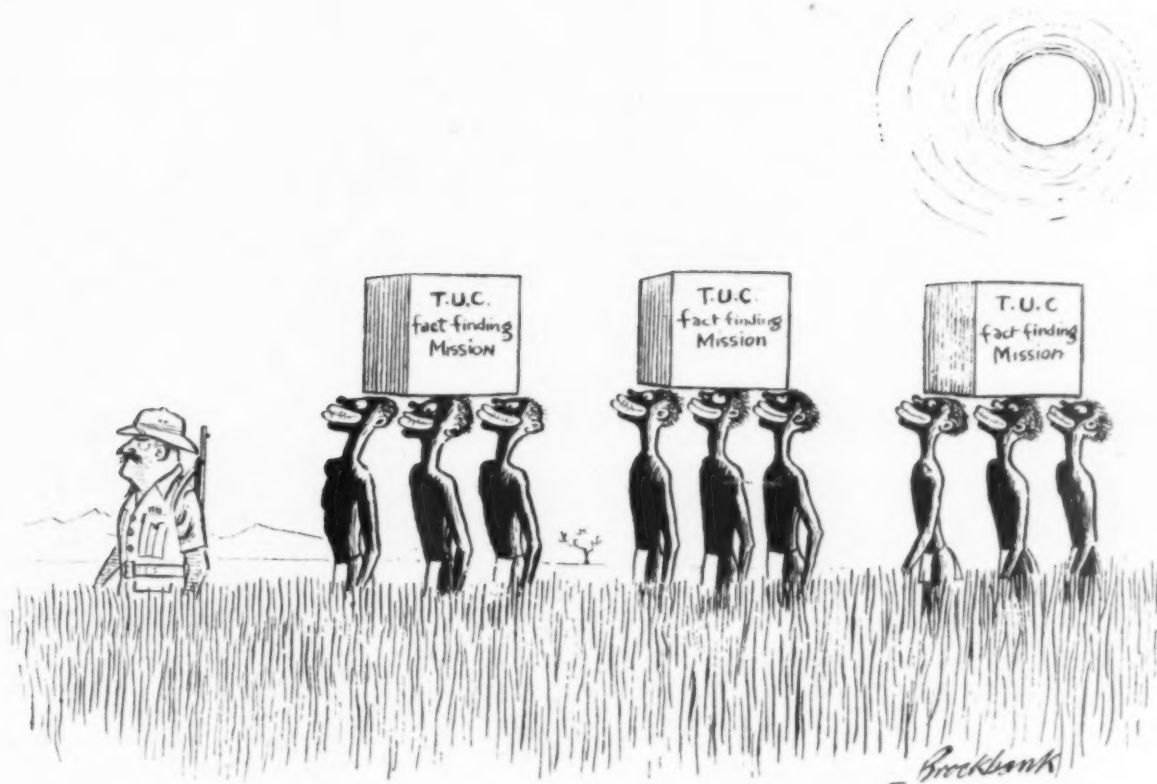
"That's right. Everything is truth," said Billy breezily.

"Always truth," the young man repeated. "What you read there, it is so." He sighed. "That's fine. So long, señor."

"Adiós!"

Adiós! Adiós! Adiós! To hell with you all. Now for that filthy ride back to Madrid and then to pack this rubbish off to London. But then would come bed, cool sheets, sleep. A bath; the water would be turned on by that time. At midnight or so he would be meeting the boys again. Things weren't so bad, no use in grousing. A newspaper-man was like a soldier, as Lord Silverlake annually declared at the staff beano: his





life was not his own, it belonged to the Readership. And say what you like, there was plenty of gravy.

It was indeed a gala occasion once more. The cups of the night fell on the smouldering remains of the afternoon to produce a mighty conflagration. When at last he came stumbling into the hotel the hands of the clock stood at twenty minutes to five. And as he fell through the door a dusty figure rose at once to meet him. It was Juanito again: he now wore shoes and jacket and a respectable Sunday hat, and he looked very pale and tired.

"Hola! the Romeo of the Sierras, no less! How did you get here?" carolled Billy, slapping him jovially on the back.

"I walked, and then I rode a truck awhile, and then I walked again. Señor, there is something I got to tell you. Can we go some place where he won't hear?" and he moved his head towards the night porter, who was looking at him with suspicion.

"Why not?" Billy shouted. "Come over into the salon. Now what is it? Didn't I pay her enough?"

As they went into the huge high room with the chandeliers and the mirrors and the red velvet hangings, Juanito humbly took his hat off.

"Oh, señor, it was a fortune. But . . ." he looked away. "There was a wrong thing in what I told you. Because I was afraid. We sure are sorry. And Rosalia and I spoke together and she say I must go to you: because if not there will be a wrong thing in your paper."

"Dear, dear, dear! Never been known! And what was the wrong thing?"

Juanito's voice sank to a whisper. "It was not the Reds that killed our father, sir."

Drunk as he was, Billy all but sobered up. He stared at the small, dusty figure in front of him as if he couldn't believe his ears. "It wasn't the Reds that killed your father?" he echoed stupidly.

"No, señor."

"And you . . . you've come all this way to tell me that?" It was as much as he could do to keep from shouting with laughter. This whole people was

nuts, plain nuts, that's all there was to it. He'd never been in so nutty a land before. Trekking along that frightful road hour after hour in dust and sun and in darkness! And now he'd just have to start trekking the whole way back again. Nuts. And the story was better before, to hell with it!

"You've a nice walk home," he said, trying to keep a straight face.

"I am accustomed."

"Have a drink?"

"Thank you."

"Look. I'll send you home in a car."

"Thank you, thank you."

"All right, if you're quite sure." Nuts. "It was very good of you to come. Muchas gracias!"

"De nada, señor. Adiós."

DUKE OPENED
AND UNVEILED

DUAL ROLE AT
CARLISLE.

West Cumberland News

Televised, we hope?



"And here, embroidered by Mary Queen of Scots, is the chair once used by Richard Dimbleby."



Gapolis Again

IT is rumoured that the Government intends to introduce another Budget in the autumn, possibly in November. In the spring hopes were high that the era of half-yearly wrestling bouts with the nation's finances had come to an end. Repeated changes in the levels of taxation and the degree of control over investment and hire-purchase have proved a serious handicap to industry and trade and—in the view of most economists—a boost for the forces of inflation. Nothing is more likely to engender panic than repeated warnings about its imminence, and nothing depresses the value of money more disastrously than the prospect of revaluation every six months.

If the Government breaks the promises made in the last Budget debate it will be because all the old familiar signs of crisis have once more appeared along the economic highway. In the nineteenth century industrial activity wobbled on its trade cycle from boom to depression with something like ten years separating the various pot-holes of acute anxiety: now, in an age of faster vehicles, we seem conditioned to shorter progressive bursts of optimism and far more numerous traffic hold-ups. The economic seismograph would record the continuing disturbance in terms of oscillations steadily becoming shorter and closer together. In the future, as rounds of wage increases become more frequent, we can expect Budgets every quarter, every month . . . And then, perhaps by 1984, the Chancellor's Budget statement will be a non-stop effort: the famous dispatch box will be permanently open, and as he sips his amber fluid he will adjust the nation's taxes according to

the promptings of a tape-machine at his elbow.

The latest signs of trouble are the poor trade returns for August, the widening of the famous "Gap," an unhealthy shrinkage in the Sterling Area's gold and dollar reserves, a new overseas squeeze on the pound, difficulties in the programme of labour redeployment, the threat of new wage demands (implicit in the T.U.C.'s Brighton talks on restraint), and a further upward wave in the cost-of-living index. All this and the Suez business. Mr. Macmillan, no less than the ordinary taxpayer, must be puzzled by the speed with which our fortunes seem to change. The newspaper headlines switch almost daily from heavy gloom to cheerful optimism and back again. Every time the trade gap narrows we are round the corner, and every time it widens we are up the creek. A little economics is a dangerous thing.

What, for example, is the use of announcing "Better Trade Returns"



A Stake in the Land

NOW that we can say once again that the harvest is safely abandoned, farmers can turn their attention to more profitable activities and the serious work of the year: from time immemorial that has always been gambling.

Whereas townspeople have only recently given themselves up to such things as football pools and racing, we in the country have always been inveterate speculators. Mild flutters on lotteries and raffles are something we invented to educate the children. And though these, together with draws and sweepstakes—all for charitable purposes—keep the family amused, our appetite for betting on anything, from whether a cow drops a heifer or bull calf, to how

when the comparative has to be qualified—in small type—by such riders as "The improvement can be explained to some extent by the fact that the period under review contained more working days than the previous month. It must also be remembered that last year's figures were ruined by the shipping strike at Liverpool and the severe storms which slowed the turn-round of ocean-going liners. Furthermore, the position is complicated by the Board of Trade's new definition of the terms 'imports,' 'exports' and 're-exports.'" It is high time that official returns were framed in such a way that sub-editors—who certainly do not understand them—could not tamper with them. The confusion, false hope, fear and unrest caused by inaccurate or misleading headlines are obviously very damaging to industry and the progress of industrial relations.

Another rumour by the way—and to end on a cheerful note—is that income tax will pop up again from 8s. 6d. to 9s.

MAMMON

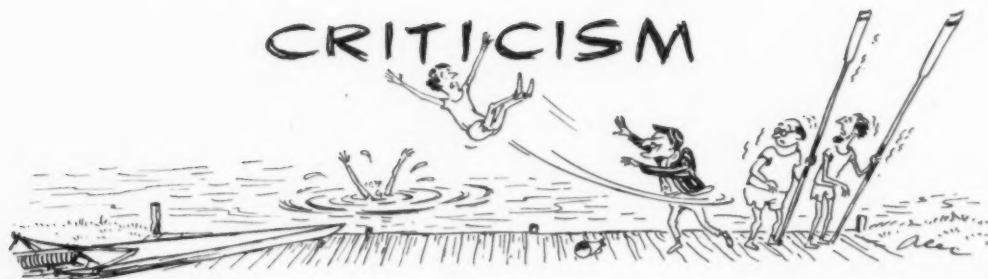
many pigs a farrowing sow might have, doesn't stop there. We're quite capable of laying a wager on any pig in a poke, and are interested in anything so long as it is an uncertainty. John Mytton is our hero and our prototype.

Hardly a farm in the West of England hasn't changed hands at some time or other at the cut of the cards. And one reason that our fields are so intermixed is that we used to play poker with acres before somebody invented these plastic chips. But another reason is that we used to have a habit of making an estimate of the number of years a neighbour might live, and then taking a wager with him on this matter. If he kicked the bucket before the time that he had stipulated, his heirs were obliged to give you the deeds of one of his fields; on the other hand if he managed to survive your guess you had to yield a plot of ground to him. But the commercialization of Life Insurance has rather spoilt the game for us who invented it.

Now that avenue of speculation has closed we have to think of others. At the moment "Scotch Golf" is the rage: two men produce their wallets, one takes all the pound notes that end with an odd number, the other picks up those which are even—it's amazing how quickly one can be impoverished at this game; it's nearly as good as farming.

RONALD DUNCAN

CRITICISM



BOOKING OFFICE

The Hermit of Ebury Street

GM: *Memories of George Moore.* Nancy Cunard. *Hurt-Davis*, 25.

GEORGE Moore is one of those figures who show up the inadequacy of normal descriptive methods. From one point of view he was a remarkable writer, perhaps an even more remarkable critic of painting; from another it would hardly be going too far to say that in spite of these remarkable qualities he was a bore and rather an ass. At least many of his own contemporaries undeniably took the latter view. There seems really no way of reconciling such opposed aspects, less unusual among distinguished men than perhaps might be supposed.

Miss Nancy Cunard is really an admirable person to write about Moore, not only because she knew him since she herself was four years old but also because she presents, on her own part, a sparkling, spiky personality, riddled with the shot and shell of the 'twenties, against which it is possible to contrast the special characteristics of her subject. How wonderfully wicked she looks, wearing a row of huge bangles on her arms, in a photograph taken by Mr. Cecil Beaton in 1930, and reproduced here from his *Book of Beauty*! It would not be exactly true to say that she writes well, but she puts across a lively picture of George Moore.

Moore is not, I should say, greatly read nowadays. For my own part I have, on the whole, never been able to get on with his books, except *Lewis Seymour and Some Women*, read at a very early age, and the *Hail and Farewell* trilogy, the volumes of which possess a quality of their own, and go a long way to explain his fame. There is a coarseness of texture about his writing. One feels that he is on the right side but can never control his own personality. It is true, I think, to say that he won fame; because, read or not, he is certainly remembered for this powerful personality.

Soon after I was married we had the good fortune to acquire Moore's former

cook, Clara Warville, who herself contributed a chapter to Mr. Joseph Hone's excellent *Life of George Moore*. She was a woman of mature age and great personal charm, although rather nervous after her Ebury Street days. "Mr. Moore said 'I hope you will stay with me for the rest of my life, Clara,'" she told us, "but it was only thirteen years..." She possessed a photograph of Moore taken standing beside Gosse,



who was out of range of the camera. "I had Sir Edmund Gosse's arm painted out," she said. Her way of speaking of Moore and his tastes in food brought him immediately to life.

In the same way Miss Cunard re-creates him against the background of Nevill Holt, the Cunard seat in Leicestershire, where, his duties as an M.F.H. at an end for the day, her father used to spend his time—so she tells us—in the tower room carving coconuts to mount into cups. Moore was often a visitor, and used sometimes to read the Lesson in church. One of the illustrations is a charming drawing of Miss Cunard as a little girl (done on the Nevill Holt writing-paper) taking Moore for a walk.

Some of Moore's literary likes and dislikes appear here. He hated "ideas" in novels—certainly there are few in his

own—and therefore he detested the works of James and Conrad. He was induced to read a bit of Proust, but found it, naturally enough, unsympathetic. Hardy was anathema to him. On the other hand, he approved of Joyce—at least in the beginning—and was one of those who helped to obtain a Civil List pension for the author of *Ulysses*. Yeats, with whom Moore was, of course, closely associated, he described as "looking like a large, rolled-up umbrella left behind by some picnic party."

He had wanted to be a painter in his early days, and the clue to Moore, both as a writer and a man, is perhaps this change of medium that was forced on him by his lack of proficiency with the brush. There must have been some very deep appreciation of painting born in him, for nothing in his background suggests any early encouragement or knowledge of the art. His connection with the Impressionists is perhaps his most interesting side. Miss Cunard was fortunate enough to inherit from him Manet's beautiful *Etude pour "Le Linge"*.

"I was a great dab at making love, you know," he remarked once to Miss Cunard, who writes a spirited defence of him against the accusation that it was a subject to which he was devoted chiefly theoretically. Certainly the way he wrote of love, and talked of it, must be admitted to suggest the reverse of "a great dab," whatever the truth may in fact have been. "Chabanel," by the way, should surely read "Chabanais." An enjoyable, rather nostalgic memoir.

ANTHONY POWELL

Experiment in Time

The Truth Will Not Help Us. John Bowen. *Chatto and Windus*, 12/6

In 1705 three officers of an English ship were wrongly hanged at Leith for piracy. Self-interest, rumour and panic defeated justice. Mr. Bowen transfers this tale to an imaginary country of to-day as an illustration of the kind of thing that might happen in the atmosphere of the Committee on Un-American Activities. He makes a further

complication by showing the early lives of the three victims in flashbacks.

The ship has white sails, Queen Anne reigns, the East India Company exists; but there is television, newspapers have their present names and naval craft include destroyers. Christian Mawson in *Ramping Cat* managed to give Katharine Howard's story a modern setting and significance by having a narrator, who gave it unity, and by carefully limiting the points of chronological reference. Mr. Bowen's chronological shift is half-hearted; he has aimed at myth and miscalculated his proportions of the specific and the vague, a mistake Kafka never made. However, if he has not quite brought off his odd, original design, his failure is more interesting and readable than many bulls-eyes on easier targets.

R. G. G. P.

The Empress Frederick. Richard Barkeley. Macmillan, 30/-

The Prince Consort, worthy man, had much to answer for. Amid the starch, gloom and suspicion of the Prussian court his daughter's difficulties were not made easier by the politics and priggery with which her young head was stuffed, nor by the insufferably autocratic interference of her parents. It was unfortunate for Germany that the liberal aspirations she shared with her husband should have been stymied by his death so soon after becoming Emperor, and by the vicious enmity of Bismarck; but one can almost sympathize with Prussian dislike of a foreigner who, though clever and charming, tilted at the régime with so little tact or judgment.

Dr. Barkeley overstates her tragedy, which was not without compensations. The solemnity of his style is unrelieved by any delight in the comedy of Victorian sentiment, and his portrait of the Empress suffers accordingly; but the book remains interesting for its light on a vital phase in Anglo-German relations on the top level.

E. O. D. K.

The State of Mind. Mark Schorer. Eyre and Spottiswoode, 15/-

American short-story writers give the impression of being victims of some sinister fiction-coach who tries to make them produce either very wordy, slow-moving accounts of trivial incidents in peculiar families, or short, thin accounts of dreadful festivities seen through the eyes of one partner in a foundering marriage. Mr. Schorer is only half ruined. His twenty-two tales are arranged in order of writing and show he has fought himself nearly free. By half-way through the collection it is clear that he is a talented and original writer with a point of view of his own; but the opening stories are very heavy going.

Mr. Schorer is better at inventing situations than at developing them. Too often he takes what is really either a short sketch or the beginning or ending of a complete story and writes it at length.

All the same, inside even the duller tales is generally something surprising and interesting. It is a pity that the sharp vision is so often spoiled by what seems to be the endemic disease of modern American letters, verbal hypertrophy.

R. G. G. P.

The Lost Eagles. Ralph Graves. Faber, 15/-

Most civilized men regret the fall of the Christian Roman Empire. It is not so easy to admire the conquering Romans of the early Principate, rapacious exploiters and brutal slave-catchers, whose only redeeming quality was a narrow civic patriotism. Mr. Graves makes it all the harder for his readers by choosing a hero who would have got on well with the elder Cato, too antique in his virtue to fit Augustan Rome. Young Severus happens to be a Varus, and when in A.D. 9 his cousin lost three Eagles to the Germans of Arminius he dedicated his life to winning them back.

In the first half of the book Severus seems such a worthy muscular pagan that the reader longs for him to fail; but among the Chauci the story comes to life. The author is more at home with Germans than with Romans, but he displays the sound scholarship expected from one of his name. A book to be read, though many readers will dislike its praise of barbarism.

A. L. D.

Train to Pakistan. Khushwant Singh. Chatto and Windus, 12/6

During the summer of 1947, while Europe was slowly reverting to a state of uneasy peace, India ("constipated with a lot of humbug"), in the early stages of Partition, was rent by a clash of creeds: an outbreak of violence both religious and political in origin. The frontier village of Mano Mayra (where Sikhs, Hindus and Muslims have previously lived in harmony) was disturbed at night by more than the cawing of rooks awakened by the passing of trains and the whistle of railway engines. Lovers—even the magistrate and deputy commissioner, Mr. Hukam Chand, and the local bad boy, Juggut Singh—are halted in their respective amorous exchanges by shots (fired by marauding bands of dacoits) ringing through the dark. Trainloads of corpses—murdered Sikhs—multiply; carts yoked to the bloated carcasses of bulls float down river, followed by more cadavers ("There has been a massacre somewhere. We must inform the police"); the sky "was soon full of kites and vultures."

Yet Mr. Singh, writing with admirable objectivity, in a clipped, laconic, and graphic English, is never depressing: for his style is enlivened by sudden flashes of humour such as we have already encountered in the work of other Indian novelists—notably R. K. Narayan and Mulk raj Anand. The facts of life are presented with a gusto and common sense which European writers might well



"No doubt about it—that's the same Guy Burgess all right, and that's the same Tom Driberg."

emulate to advantage: Iqbal, the left-wing intellectual, is irritated by the boastful yet gallant Juggut Singh's direct approach to sexual questions: "Conversation on any topic—politics, philosophy, sport—soon came down to sex, which everyone enjoyed with a lot of giggling and hand-slapping." And why on earth not?

J. M-R.



AT THE BALLET

Antonio and his Spanish Ballet Company (PALACE)

ANTONIO, the prince of Spanish dancers, can do no wrong. He has completely captivated an avid London public and can afford to depart radically from the methods which first won its heart. He now offers an entertainment which is much more a triumph of showmanship than of his own personal and inimitable accomplishment as a dancer. He can even afford to guy the superb mastery which first brought him acclaim, and his admirers rejoice.

Since time and space must be given to deploy the ballet company which has grown out of the original little group of singers, dancers and guitarists, Antonio's appearances during the evening are fewer than of old. But their impact is no less terrific. In a new Flamenco item based on ancient songs, *Por Mirabral*, to music by A. Ruiz, he is at his magnificent best.

None the less, variety and production tend to eclipse the highly personal quality of an Antonio season. Departure from accepted conventions of Spanish dancing has gone so far as to confront us with a barefooted Antonio and Rosita Sergovia in nyloned feet performing enchantingly a romantic pastoral *pas de deux*, with scallop shells in place of castanets. In a charming and lyrical *Pas de Quatre*, to music by Pablo Sorozabal, four ladies of the company approach so closely to classical ballet that one expects to see them at any moment *sur les pointes*.

The ballet *El Amor Brujo*, by G. Martinez Sierra to de Falla's music, which had its first performance in London last year, is again the *pièce de résistance*. This highly coloured but rather tiresomely lighted tale of gipsy love, jealousy and superstition is, at bottom, an exciting *tour de force* since ballet (in its usual sense) is uneasily married with the Spanish dance idiom.

But criticism is beside the point, which is that Antonio with Rosita Sergovia, Carmen Rojas and a company of thirty performers give unbounded delight and will deservedly pack the Palace theatre for the eight weeks of their season. Here, indeed, is value for money, for the exhilaration which the talented ensemble communicates is irresistible.

C. B. MORTLOCK



AT THE PLAY

The Children's Hour (ARTS)
Under Milk Wood (NEW)

IT is a pity the Arts production of *The Children's Hour* is not stronger, for this powerful and perfectly harmless play makes an excellent first base in any attack on the intransigence of the Lord Chamberlain, whose Victorian solicitude for our moral safety is likely to be under fresh assault next month, when the New Watergate Theatre Club at the Comedy begins releasing such controversial pieces as *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*. Until now club productions of banned plays have only reached the small audiences of the little theatres. The Comedy is quite a

different proposition, and if its experiment succeeds it will knock a much bigger hole in the nursery wall which still absurdly protects us.

Those of us who want it knocked down altogether make the simple claim that as adults we have the right to look after our own moral welfare; by all means have "X" certificates for plays which might upset children. The freedom of the stage has lagged hopelessly behind the freedom of the other arts, and the present position of the Lord Chamberlain grows every day more illogical. So far as what may be called straight sex is concerned the sky appears to be almost the limit; consider the sexual squalor of *A Streetcar Named Desire*, and the embarrassing pornography of the bedsprung little comedies which stream unhindered into our public theatres. Yet at the first hint of perversion—however seriously and intelligently treated—down comes the official portcullis with a bang; and this at a time when at last the subject has moved out into the open, to be discussed as generally as any other social problem. Is the Lord Chamberlain so out of touch? If he is afraid, then of what?

Lilian Hellman's *The Children's Hour* deals with the innocent attachment of two women, one of whom, under the pressure of public suspicion, finds in herself what was suspected, and commits suicide. It is not a great play. It has the grave weakness that a seemingly sensible old lady ruins all around her on the unproved word of a diabolic child; but when it was done six years ago at the

Boltons I found it gripping as drama and strangely wise in human understanding. Most of this is unfortunately missing at the Arts, where flabby production and considerable miscasting merely roll the play along without stirring our emotions in the least. The awful child is too patently a devil; her grandmother too bumbling; and though Clare Austin and Margot van der Burgh state the case for the two schoolmistresses fairly enough the full tragedy is only dimly suggested.

Under Milk Wood, which I reviewed at length four weeks ago when it opened at the Edinburgh Festival, has gained in feeling and polish. Seeing it for the second time, I still admired the ingenuity of the production, I still enjoyed bits of it immensely, and I still finished with the reservation that for me at least the poem loses more than it gains by being given reality. I would rather listen to it on the radio or in my own head. For those to whom the poem will be fresh this earthy, affectionate and often wildly amusing impression of a day in the life of a small Welsh town is strongly recommended as an introduction to Dylan Thomas, and his addicts will also want to see it in order to decide for themselves how well it succeeds.

Recommended

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

Mr. Bolfry (Aldwych—5/9/56), a delightful Bridie comedy. *Waltz of the Toreadors* (Criterion—14/3/56), Anouilh at his wittiest. *Hotel Paradiso* (Winter Garden—9/5/56), good French farce, with Alec Guinness. ERIC KEOWN



Martha Dobie—MARGOT VAN DER BURGH

Mary Tilford—PATRICIA HEALEY

Karen Wright—CLARE AUSTIN

(*The Children's Hour*)



AT THE OPERA

Martha (SADLER'S WELLS)

THERE was a drinking chorus outside a village pub, loudly and handsomely led by Howell Glynne as Plunkett, the comic yeoman. All parties swung and clanked their tankards so regardlessly that after three bars there cannot have been anything left to drink. Then came a chorus of huntswomen in fetching habits with quasi-military trimmings who slapped their ankles with riding crops. Every time anybody sang or the orchestra played *The Last Rose of Summer*, which seems to bloom on every other page of Flotow's score, Rowland Jones (who has it in him to sing *Lover* Lionel more fully and truly than on the opening night) pulled a large pink bud out of his tightly-buttoned waistcoat and was obviously astonished to find the thing still in one piece.

At this and several other conjunctures the proceedings were on the edge of burlesque. One push and *Martha* would have joined *East Lynne*, *Young England* and certain other revivals in the category of hilarious, far-off, lovingly remembered things. The story is as odourless as a pressed flower. Great lady masquerades

as a chambermaid. Waif of low degree discovers he is a peer just in time to penetrate her secret, overleap class barriers, marry her. Professor Dent's translation unintentionally perhaps (but mischievously I hope) rubs in the archaism of all this. Powell Lloyd's scenery is ruthlessly in key: all wainscots, warming pans and village greens. I have seen nothing so realistic and improbable in a highly varnished way since *She Stoops to Conquer* as done by the stock companies of my boyhood.

If *Martha* catches on at the Wells it will be because of Flotow's music, which, although pre-Sullivan and German, has faded Sullivan-esque charms. June Bronhill (Lady Harriet) and Anna Pollak (Nancy) take their coloratura duets, cadenzas and all, without flinching or making us wince. Miss Bronhill's performance, indeed, was brilliantly accurate. Altogether the Wells may wear thumbs in armholes over the musical side, or at any rate, musical promise, of this production, which Leo Quayle conducted.

CHARLES REID

AT THE PICTURES



The King and I
The Green Man
Every Second Counts
Letters from My Windmill

WITH *Oklahoma!* last week and *Guys and Dolls* next it is tempting to choose some other film than *The King and I* (Director: Walter Lang) for first place, but there's no escaping it as it is by any standards easily the week's most enjoyable film. It goes on rather too long and the appalling *Hassan* sub-plot, however necessary to precipitate the main catastrophe, is hard to excuse, but that's all I can say against it. There is no harm in the film being stagey; musicals mostly are, anyway, however much the camera roams, and though this one repeats whole sections of the stage version, entries, gestures and all, it only demonstrates their effectiveness.

Yul Brynner plays the King magnificently; with arrogant precision he suggests the difficulties of a not very clever, half-savage monarch, caught in the rip tide of western ideas meeting eastern. He gets the last laugh out of his lines without ever seeming to squeeze them; he is splendidly regal too. Deborah Kerr, as the governess who comes to help occidentalize his children and kingdom, manages to be a thorough Victorian, if anything a bit more of a great lady than a governess, and the conflict between her and the King becomes so real and important that one is oddly startled when they break into one of the slight but pleasing songs. If they had managed to communicate to the rest of the film some of their zest and pace *The King and I* would have been a superb musical, and even as it is the *longueurs* are perfectly tolerable; there is



[The King and I]

The King of Siam, 1862—YUL BRYNNER

bound to be *something* to look at in the enormous expanse of the CinemaScope screen, and the script is always amusing and intelligent enough to carry one along. The music comes over well; I gather that some of the songs are dubbed, but I didn't notice it.

I cannot bring myself to choose between *The Green Man*, *Every Second Counts* and *Letters from My Windmill* (Directors: Robert Day, Alex Joffe and Marcel Pagnol respectively). All three amused and irritated me. *The Green Man* runs the gamut of English comedy from the four Goonish assassinations in the first five minutes (including a Dictator starting a football match with an exploding-type football) to a scene in which a husband comes home to find his wife wrestling in her underclothes on the hearthrug with a vacuum-cleaner salesman for perfectly respectable reasons which the audience know all about; they are even shown the husband coming as a get-ready-to-laugh signal. Alastair Sim is type-cast as a professional assassin and plays him with automatic perfection.

In the same bill is *Every Second Counts*, a French film which is a demonstration of how to play spillkins with coincidences. A garage-owner fails to tighten the steering gear of a car before it leaves his garage, and for fairly watertight reasons his conscience doesn't drive him to admit this until the car is out of the district, being driven fast and badly with its steering due to become useless any moment. Half the time the film is

raising laughs by showing the car slipping again and again, by sheer bad luck, through the police net which has been set to warn it, and the other half is back at the garage-man's village expecting us to take seriously the ruin that will face him if there is an accident. The coincidences are funny, which takes the edge off the carefully contrived suspense and produces, in me at any rate, a feeling of being hung over a disaster for laughs. The most enjoyable bits of the film are precise and amusing observations of the life of a village *en fête*.

Finally there is Marcel Pagnol's tribute to Provence, which consists of three episodes based on stories from *Lettres de Mon Moulin*. It is full of sun and the smell of wine, and beautifully photographed; I recall particularly a crocodile of schoolchildren walking across dusty grass towards the blank, sunlit line of a monastery wall. The treatment is gay and romantic, but not enough to make buoyant the material of the stories, which is a mixture of thick sentimentality and mildly blasphemous religious whimsy. Despite this it is often funny.

* * * * *

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

Releases include *The Searchers* (8/8/56), a high-class period Western, *Child in the House* (22/8/56) and *23 Paces to Baker Street* (29/8/56), a gripping and intelligent thriller that has nothing to do with Holmes.

PETER DICKINSON



ON THE AIR

The Third

THE B.B.C.'s Third Programme is about to celebrate its tenth anniversary and to celebrate through eight days of special broadcasts. On October 1 there will be a performance of Dudley Fitt's latest translation from Aristophanes' *The Frogs*, and this, according to an official hand-out, will take the place of Marilyn Monroe and *Lysistrata*. Why? Does the B.B.C. consider that *Lysistrata* without Marilyn is *Hamlet* without the Prince? Or are we to assume that the Third, having made its handsome concession to oomph and publicity, now feels free to retreat once more into its egghead shell?

In this brief review of the Third's progress I should like to offer praise without stint. I am one of the Third's regular customers. I enjoy its liberal (though far from catholic) ration of music, its university extension lectures, experimental drama, philosophical maundering in the by-ways of culture, donnish quips and Rabelaisian rags. The Third creates few box-office stars or successes, but it provides useful pocket-money for scores of penurious pedagogues, writers and eccentrics. It encourages the arts, the sciences, and education. It is a proving-ground for new techniques.

The Third has undoubtedly improved the coverage of radio. With the Home and Light programmes it provides something for everybody, entertainment for all, majorities and minorities alike: free culture all round in the Welfare State.

But the achievements of the Third can



Tenth Anniversary of the Third

easily be over-estimated. In ten years the programme has managed to win very limited support: its audience is seldom more than 50,000 and often dips to a mere handful. This means that the Third has a "circulation" very much smaller than that of printed organs catering for upper and middle class taste. It can be argued of course that the Third's programmes are designed to attract no more than a small fraction of the nation's two million or so higher-brow listeners, that it is interested only in the minority groups, the readers of "little" magazines and patrons of *recherche* study circles. But it is more realistic to assume that the planners of the Third have failed to reach their market.

The reasons for this failure are clear enough. Far too many of the items broadcast are piffing doodles, freakish

inventions having no connection with the main streams of cultural development. If they appeal at all it is only to a clutch of cranks. And far too many of the better programmes are presented ineptly. Experiment is all very well, but even the Third cannot flout the golden rules of radio production without upsetting its patrons. Talks that are too long, hopelessly recondite and delivered in the squeaky, sing-song tones of an emasculated auctioneer make the operation of switching off wonderfully simple.

In ten years the Third has built up so much hostility, so much sales resistance, that it is now unable to attract a sizeable audience for its lightest and most "popular" programmes. On the Third, Wilfred Pickles would chatter to no more than 100,000. And even a cross-talk between Sir Winston Churchill and Marilyn Monroe would not break down the iron curtain of implacable suspicion forged between this service and the vast middle-brow Home and Television audiences.

It is fashionable nowadays to deny the possibility of cultural progress for the masses. There are highbrows who enjoy the rarefied atmosphere of Parnassus, and simpletons who revel in the Light, and never the twain shall meet. I regard this line of talk (it cropped up the other day in the "Brains Trust") as irresponsible, dangerous and arrogant.

I congratulate the Third on its survival, and implore it to climb down from its plateau and meet the hungry middle-brow millions half-way.

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD



"Do you mind onions?"

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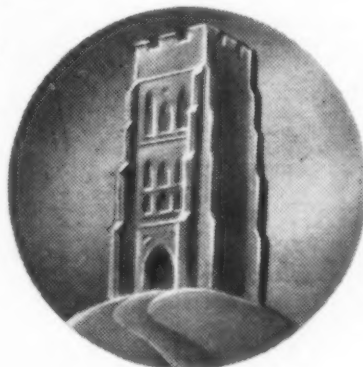
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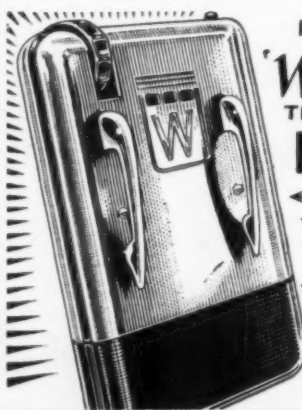
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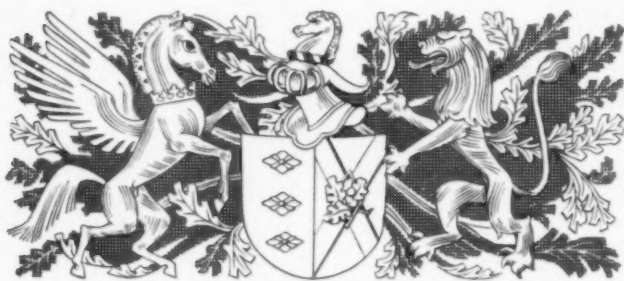


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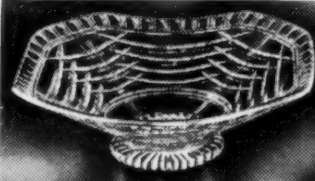
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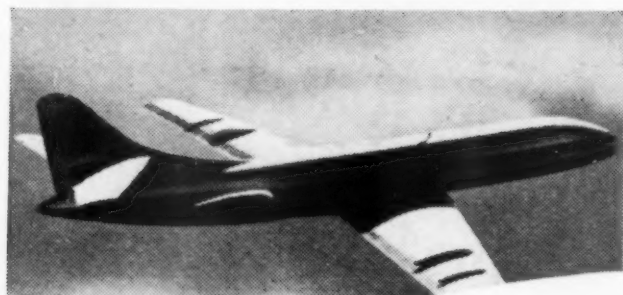
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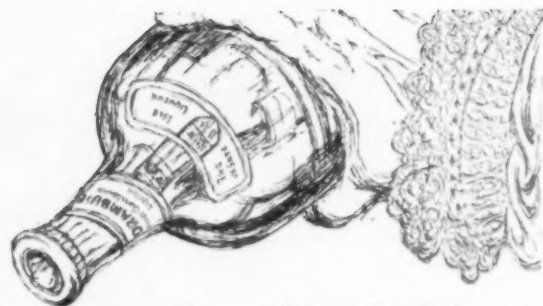
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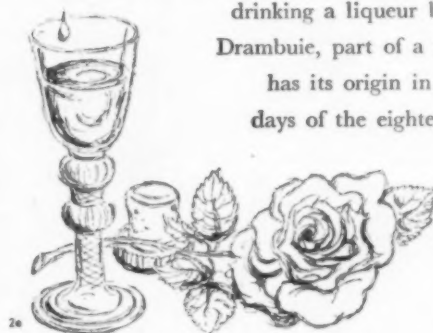


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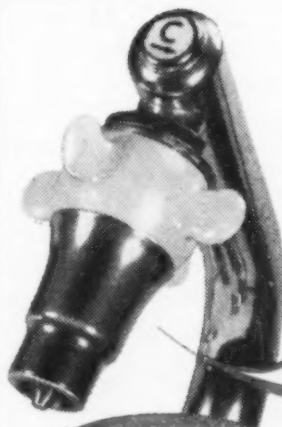
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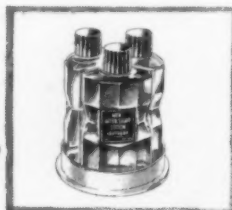
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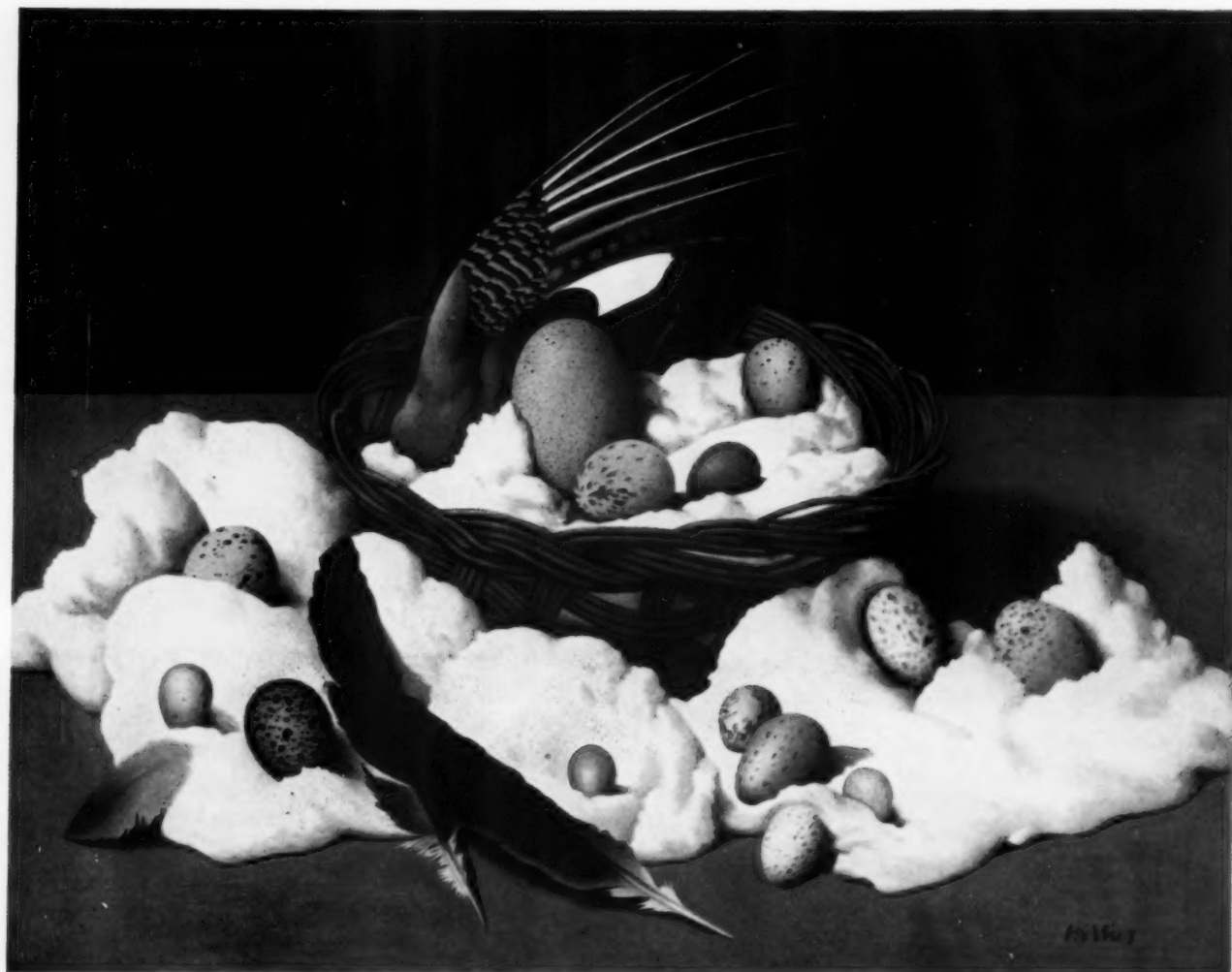
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Shell Nature Studies 21 BIRDS' EGGS

PAINTED BY TRISTRAM HILLIER

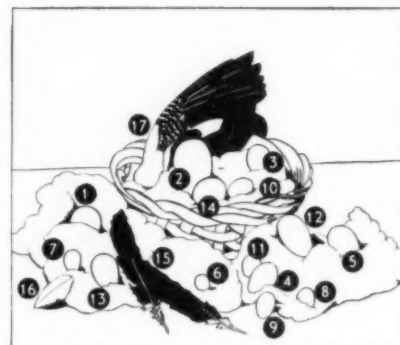


Kindness, common sense and the law between them have checked the old life-destroying hobby of collecting wild birds' eggs, delightful objects as they are. Here are some eggs that may, and some that decidedly may *not*, be taken, according to the Protection of Birds Act, 1954, 2 and 3. Eliz. 2 Ch. 30, and the Eggs of Common Birds Order, 1955.

Only a kind heart, and not the law of the land, forbids taking eggs of the MOORHEN (1) and the COOT (2); of SONG-THRUSH (3) and BLACKBIRD (4) and MISSEL-THRUSH (5); the charming sky-blue eggs of the HEDGE-SPARROW (6) or the eggs of CHAFFINCH (7), ROBIN (8) or HOUSE-SPARROW (9).

But woe-betide you, legally, if you take the olive eggs of the NIGHTINGALE (10), the streaked eggs of the CURL BUNTING (11), a NIGHTJAR's egg (12), or the eggs of those now uncommon birds, the QUAIL (13), who cries "wet-my-lips", or the CORNCRAKE (14), who crakes and scrapes away in the summer hay.

Included in the painting are WOOD-PIGEON's feathers (15, 16) and the wing of a JAY (17).



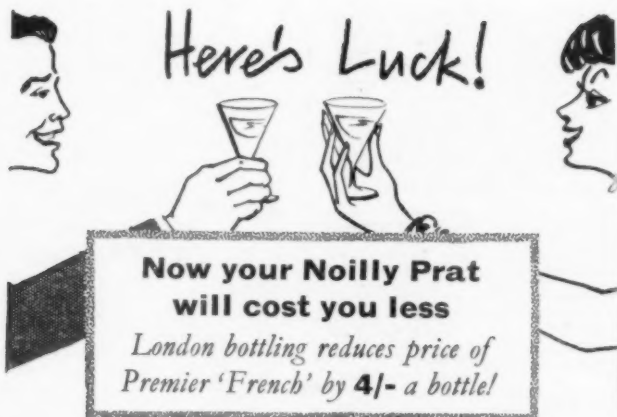
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The Key to the Countryside

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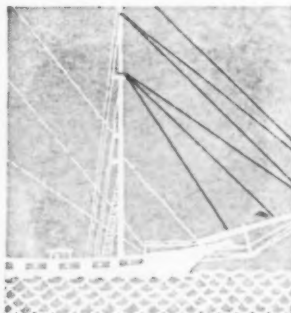
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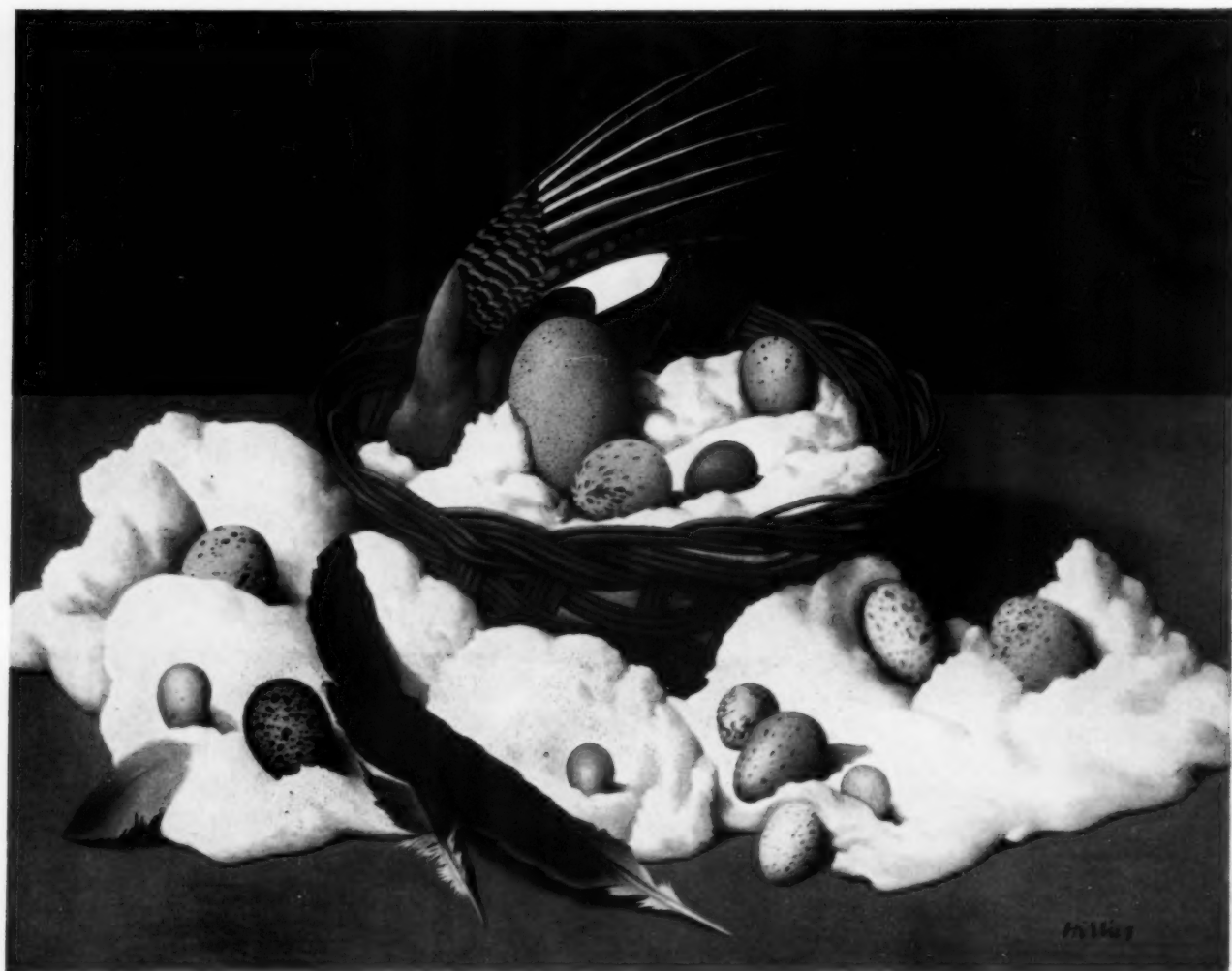


Britain's Starch Industry

WELLINGTON HOUSE, 125/130 STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2

Shell Nature Studies 21 BIRDS' EGGS

PAINTED BY TRISTRAM HILLIER

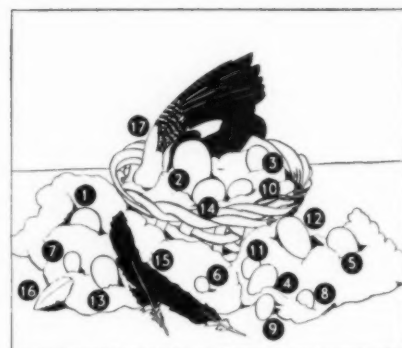


Kindness, common sense and the law between them have checked the old life-destroying hobby of collecting wild birds' eggs, delightful objects as they are. Here are some eggs that may, and some that decidedly may *not*, be taken, according to the Protection of Birds Act, 1954, 2 and 3. Eliz. 2 Ch. 30, and the Eggs of Common Birds Order, 1955.

Only a kind heart, and not the law of the land, forbids taking eggs of the MOORHEN (1) and the COOT (2); of SONG-THRUSH (3) and BLACKBIRD (4) and MISSEL-THRUSH (5); the charming sky-blue eggs of the HEDGE-SPARROW (6) or the eggs of CHAFFINCH (7), ROBIN (8) or HOUSE-SPARROW (9).

But woe-betide you, legally, if you take the olive eggs of the NIGHTINGALE (10), the streaked eggs of the GILT BUNTING (11), a NIGHTJAR's egg (12), or the eggs of those now uncommon birds, the QUAIL (13), who cries "wet-my-lips", or the CORNCRAKE (14), who crakes and scrapes away in the summer hay.

Included in the painting are WOOD-PIGEON's feathers (15, 16) and the wing of a JAY (17).



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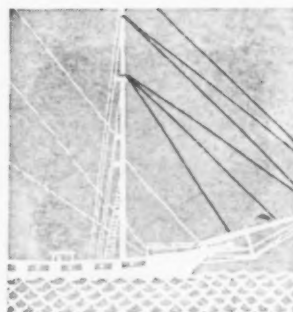
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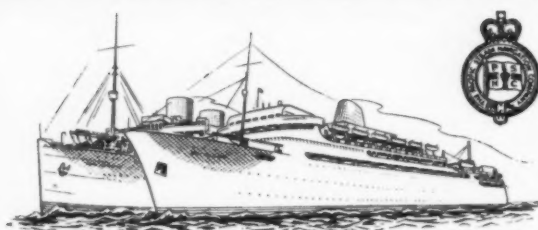
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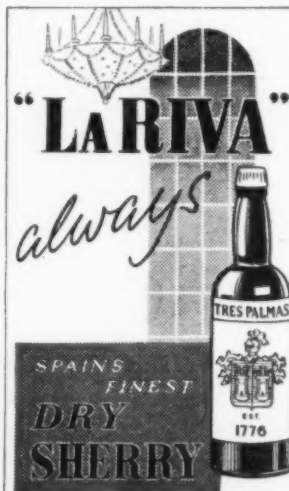
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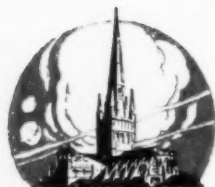


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